



MAYSVILLE, KY., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1912.

ONE COPY—ONE CENT.



TRUE LOVE.

"I love you, dear," the young man cried,
"With love my soul's at rest."
"I know it will," the maiden sighed,
"But please see mamma first."

"I've seen her," quoth the ardent swain,
"His eyes flashed love's bright flame."
"I've seen your mamma, dear," the girl said,
"I love you just the same."

MAYSVILLE CLUB

May Be Sold to Individual Who Has
Kale to Burn

It is reported that an individual with money to burn is negotiating for the purchase of the Mayville Club of the Blue Grass League. It is said that \$4,000 is about the figure asked for the franchise, lease of the grounds, ownership of the grandstand, fences, etc.

LET UNCLE SAM
GIVE YOU THE FACTS

Government reports show the steady output of coal during the last few years has made the dealers push for wider markets. We are going to get more trade—your trade—by giving you a greater value for your money. You will never get out of debt unless you buy wisely.

MAYSVILLE COAL CO.

PHONE 148.

When needing dental work call on Cartmel

25 pounds SUGAR - - - - - \$1.50
CREAMERY BUTTER, per pound - - - - - 30c
STAR CANS, per dozen - - - - - 35c
MASON JARS, Quarts, per dozen - - - - - 60c
MASON JARS, Pints, per dozen - - - - - 50c

Peaches, Apples, Canteloupes, Water Melons—All Fresh Daily
From Our Own Farm

The Quality Grocer. J. C. CABLISH
Masonic Temple Bldg.

LUMBER and MILL WORK!

The best that can be had. Come and inspect our stock and tell us your requirements. It will be a pleasure for us to explain the quality and suggest the best for your purpose. We will save you money. A trial and you will be convinced. Our stock is complete and your order filled in haste. In the heart of the city.

THE MASON LUMBER CO.

Incorporated.

Cor. Limestone and Second Streets. Phone 519.
Agents for Deering Machinery. Maysville, Ky.
A. A. McLAUGHLIN. L. N. BEHAN.

UNION MADE
HAND MADE
BEST MADE

Golden Glory
"GLORIOUSLY GOOD"

POWER & DAULTON
CIGAR CO.
MAKERS—
MAYSVILLE, KY.

Attempted Suicide

Dexter Taylor, aged 30, a tenant on the Jacob Paul farm at Pleasant Ridge, attempted suicide this morning by taking Paris green, but was saved by timely work of physicians. Despondency. A peculiar incident is that he resides on the farm where Miss Hessler Paul killed herself with carbolic acid only ten days ago.

DOVER WOMAN

Mrs. America Alexander Ferguson Appointed Kitchen and Restaurant Inspector at Cincinnati

She "Puts Dover, Mason County" on the Map as the Original "Spotless Town"

Friday's Cincinnati Times-Star.

When Mrs. A. A. Ferguson, whose residence is at the San Raphael flats, is complimented on receiving the highest average at the civil service examination held recently for the position of Cincinnati kitchen and restaurant inspector, she smiles and says that she could hardly do otherwise, coming from Kentucky's spotless town. The "spotless" city is Dover, Ky., a community of about 1,000 people, 50 miles southeast of Cincinnati. According to Mrs. Ferguson, when she was a little girl living in the Kentucky town, long before club women had taken up civic reform and municipal housekeeping, the women of Dover, Ky., used to collect brooms and buckets, also such household belongings to the community as had not made their timely escape, and clean up the streets of the village. "I do not think there is a cleaner town in the world than Dover or better housekeepers anywhere. My grandmother was considered the most skillful of them all, so perhaps I have inherited an instinct for this kind of thing and that is why I like it," said Mrs. Ferguson.

Here are some of the questions included in the Kitchen Inspector's examination:

How can you tell when the ice box is too moist?
How should a kitchen be ventilated and why?

What length of time may various meats be kept without spoiling?
What contagious diseases would disqualify a man or woman as waiter?

The new chief inspector is to be chosen from the first three names on the list and it is considered probable that Mrs. Ferguson will be selected for the position. Previous to her marriage to the son of E. A. Ferguson, founder of the Cincinnati Southern Railway, Mrs. Ferguson and her mother conducted a large private hotel in Cincinnati. Since her husband's death she has acted as housekeeper of a students' boarding house at Oxford.

The Editor of THE PUBLIC LEDGER can vouch for the statement of Mrs. Ferguson, as they were both reared in Dover. Mrs. John S. Goff the grandmother of Mrs. America A. Ferguson, who died only a few years ago, was a foe to material dirt in every form. Even her back porch shined like a mahogany table. She was so scrupulously clean about her home that one feared to enter lest he leave some variety of dirt objectionable to old lady Goff. And her daughter, Mrs. James Goff now keeping the same old home is as neat and particular as was her mother.

Mrs. America Alexander Ferguson, spoken of by the Times-Star, is the only daughter of the late A. J. W. Alexander, in his day one of the wealthiest sportsmen in the Ohio Valley. THE PUBLIC LEDGER wishes Mrs. Ferguson God speed in her new line of cleaning up Cincinnati.

Now is the time to buy your winter coal. See Dryden, Limestone street.

Advertised Letters

Below is a list of letters remaining uncalled for at the Maysville (Ky.) Postoffice for the week ending September 4, 1912:

Antel, Tom Jones, Mrs. Lillie
Bozali, I. A. Kennedy, Miss Bertha
Carpenter, Mrs. Len Kirk, Mrs. W. T.
Dietrich, Ed. Lowell, Miss M.
Egan, Mrs. James F. McDonald, Wm.
Grady, Miss Jennie McNulty, Alfred
Huff, Wilton Savage, J. L.

One cent due on each of above.
Persons calling for these letters will please say that they are advertised.
CLARENCE MATTHEWS, Postmaster.

SCHOOL
FROCKS

Don't waste time and strength sewing when you can buy such serviceable smart snappy little dresses for so little. Percalines and ginghams of assured quality with so many different trimming touches you wonder how designers can evolve such variety.

Our children's dresses range at present from 75c to \$2½ but most of the pretty 50c frocks are on the way and will be here in a few days.

Misses' Dresses in 12 to 17 year sizes, 75c to \$3.98. Women's tub frocks are \$1 to \$5.

1852

HUNT'S

1912

Mrs. Will Sharp and daughter, Miss Lulu Sharp, of Sharpsburg were here several days this week visiting Mrs. J. W. Elgin, and also at the bedside of the former's sister, Mrs. Rufus Knight of Bath county, who is a patient at Wilson Hospital.

Mrs. Mayme Hickman and daughter, Anna Humphries, left Monday for Columbia, Missouri, where the former will resume her duties in Christiana College. Mrs. Sallie Jenkins, her daughter, Julia, and son, Frank, expect to join them there later on.

September 17th Parole Day
At Frankfort the Prison Commission has fixed Tuesday, September 17th, as parole day, and all applications for parole will be passed on that day.

SATURDAY WILL
RED LETTER DAY
\$1 worth Stamp
GLOBE STAMP

Showing New Goods!

FIRST SHOWING OF
Fall Suits and Coats,
"Queen Quality" and "Regal" Shoes,
New Silks, New Dress Goods and Velvets!

As usual, the best dressers are the early buyers. Come in and take a peep at the new styles. Our sales on Children's Dresses are immense. New arrivals with every express. Some new Fall House Dresses have arrived.

MERZ BROS.

—THE VERY BEST—
Creamery Butter 30 Cents
Pound

And Everything in
Fresh Fruits and Vegetables.

DINGER & FREUND

LEADING RETAILERS,
MARKET STREET.

Death of Miss Mamie Quinn
Miss Mamie Quinn died at the home of her mother in Newport last night at 10 o'clock. She was a niece of Mike Quinn of the county. The remains will be brought here Monday morning for burial at Washington. She leaves a mother, brother and three sisters and was born in this county and was a member of the Catholic Church.

Rector Fielding Returns
Rev. James H. Fielding returned from his visit to Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, yesterday afternoon and will preach Sunday, both at morning and evening services, at the Church of the Nativity, where he hopes to greet all the members of his congregation. Rev. Fielding enjoyed his brief visit to his Canadian home immensely and returns from his outing with renewed mental and physical vigor.

TWO SPECIALS!

POUND BAR PURE
CASTILE SOAP: : : : : 15 Cents

Armour's Extra High Quality
Toilet Soap, While They Last : : : 5 Cents

M. F. WILLIAMS & CO. "Big Drugstore With
the Little Price."

D. HECHINGER & CO.

Until the 15th of this month we continue to sell choice of our light and medium weight MEN'S AND YOUNG MEN'S SUITS at

One-Third Off

The price "FOR CASH;" blacks and blues not included in this sale. Here is the opportunity to buy such celebrated suits as Hirsch-Wickwire, College Brand and Michaels, Stern for less money than you would have to pay for much cheaper goods.

Just now there is quite a demand for TRUNKS and TRAVELING BAGS. See our display in the window. Inquire the price. The biggest stock in town.

D. HECHINGER & CO. Maysville's Leading Clothing and Shoe Shop.

Smoke Masons and La Tores, 5 cents

Miss Ethel McMillan has returned to Oklahoma City, Okla., where she will resume her duties as teacher in the city schools, after spending the summer vacation with the family of her father, Mr. J. J. McMillan at Dover.

Now Is Your Chance

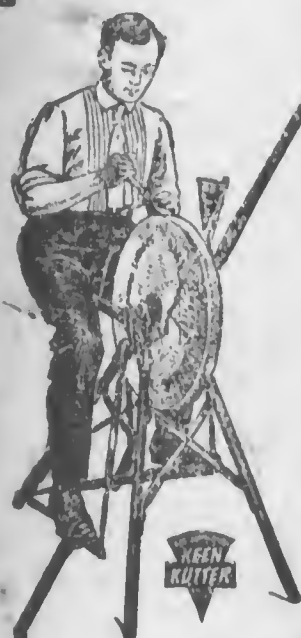
To buy stock in the Forty-Seventh Series of the Limestone Building Association. Books now open for the sale of new shares. See H. C. Sharp, Secretary or any of the officers or directors.

Call For State Bank Reports

FRANKFORT, KY., September 6th—State Banking Commissioner T. J. Smith today issued a call for reports on all State Banks as of September 4th. This is the first call issued under the new bank examination law.

WANTED
MACHINE HAND!

OHIO RIVER LUMBER CO.,
UNION STREET, NEAR SECOND.

When Your Tools
Need Grinding

It is but the work of a minute to sharpen a chisel, a plane, a knife or any edged tool on a Keen Kutter Grindstone. Made of very carefully selected Berea grit—mounted on an extra broad tubular frame that never sways or "wobbles." Ball bearings and double tread make it run as easy as a bicycle. With this grindstone and an outfit of

KEEN
KUTTER

Tools and Cutlery

you are always ready for the finest or heaviest work. Keen Kutter Tools are tempered for lasting edges and once sharpened stay sharp indefinitely.

For the home they are ideal, doing better work with less attention than the ordinary nameless kinds.

ALSO, A LOT of FINE BUGGIES

Mike Brown,

The Square Deal Man.

DOVER AROUSED

Over Encroachment of the C. and O. on Her Main Street—Thoroughfare Now Useless

Spencer Hubbard, Dover's staunch old colored veteran was in Maysville yesterday and made THE PUBLIC LEDGER office his usual call. Spencer has a tale of woe about the way the C. and O. is treating property owners along the line of Second street in that village, which thoroughfare the road has practically monopolized and confiscated.

No people in the world have been so outrageously wronged as have the fifty or more property owners on both sides of the street through Dover now taken up by the C. and O.'s double tracks.

The tracks through the town have been elevated during the past year until the property and homes are practically worthless as regards ingress and egress over this particular street.

Now it is said the road promises to cut the shade trees down along the street. It is also said that a widow woman who has a nice home now practically ruined by the high back of the C. and O. in front of it, declares she

will use a shot gun on the first emissary of the road who dares to injure her property? Is she not justifiable?

Mr. Isaac Woodward of Dover was just alive this morning at 9 o'clock and his death is only a question of a few hours.

LITTLE ARLIE DEAD

First Case of Infantile Paralysis Noted in Maysville Has Fatal Ending

The first and only case of the so-called "infantile paralysis" noted in the history of medicine in Maysville resulted in death this morning at 5 o'clock, when Arlie, the thirteen months old baby boy of Mr. and Mrs. Huff Glin of East Second street passed away.

Dr. Brand, the attending physician, declares it to be a genuine case of infantile paralysis, the symptoms being very pronounced.

The Glin home has been quarantined by the Board of Health, the schools have been closed to prevent the malady from spreading and every precaution taken to confine the disease to one case, and so far this has been successful.

Funeral and interment this afternoon.

OLIVES OF ALL KINDS!

On 10c a bottle up. Our Olive trade is one of our let us show you the biggest, best lot you ever saw. **sinz Pure Cider Vinegar.**

GEISEL & CONRAD.

PUBLIC LEDGER.

A. F. CURRAN, Publisher.
MAXVILLE, KENTUCKY

The price of ice remains firm no matter how many icebergs are sighted at sea.

The buffalo is overlooked when it is placed on the new nickels. It has long served on \$10 bills.

Most of the jokes at the expense of college men are written by smart guys who quit school in the sixth grade.

After reading the advertisements a bachelor might be pardoned for wondering what makes a princess slip.

Chinese patriots seem to be burning their fingers trying to take their republic off the fire before it is done.

The sultan of Turkey has more trouble on his hands, but a revolution is a mere trifle to a man who runs a harem.

The Chicago woman who demanded \$10 for a broken heart is not what might be called a devotee of frenzied finance.

Warning bont rockers is nothing but a waste of energy. A man foolish enough to rock a boat is too foolish to take advice.

Having "the blues" is regarded as a possible sign of approaching insanity. This makes it possible for a man to be his own alienist.

"Eat soup and grow healthy," says a doctor. In addition to its health giving properties it sometimes develops an ear for music.

In New York society it is proper mother and daughter to play polo in opposite sides. Father and son have not yet started tating contests.

Every time we hear of a joy-ride whose automobile has been wrecked beyond repair we feel a little more sure than ever that the world is getting better.

By the time the last of the lonesome noodles who ask public officials to give wives for them has passed away the world will be well along toward the millennium.

Observe the man who hastily refuses to help wash the dishes when at home, but who gladly performs the most menial duties of the camp while he is in the woods.

Possibly some physicist can tell us why it is that a hammock scarcely big enough for an able-bodied man suddenly increased its capacity when a pretty girl hovers into sight.

When a restaurant orchestra takes one of its occasional lapses from ragtime into a dirgo some arrangement should be made to prevent the waiters from weeping into the bouillon.

Baltimore scientists propose to make a careful study of the mental affection known as "the blues." Any town that has a tail-end baseball team will be able to furnish plenty of subjects.

About the only person who does not pay according to what he receives is the bald-headed man, who is charged just as much for a hair cut as any male relative of the seven Sutherland sisters.

Southern Illinois reports a shortage of spring chickens. Stories of disaster to the peach crop of Michigan can be and are received with indifference, but this, if true, is a matter of importance.

That the lobster is becoming extinct is the foreboding of many who may be presumed to be informed on the subject, and the next generation may know it only as a human typo.

"Find Well-Dressed Girl; Mind Blank," says the headline in a Chicago paper. It's easy to find well-dressed men anywhere whose minds are so near a blank that the difference isn't worth mentioning.

As lightning six times struck a castle where the reigning family of Belgium is staying with royal guests and hurt nobody, modern science will at once begin investigating whether royalty has any peculiar insulating power which might be developed for modern use.

The advent of the auto, many feel, would result in decreasing demands for the horse, whereas the contrary would seem to have happened, with New York state officially taking up the problem of an actual scarcity of steeds. There is still work for old Dobbin to do.

That youth is not necessarily a matter of years, despite the Oserlian theory, is proved by a Philadelphia woman, who at the age of seventy-four is not only preparing to wed, but is also about to take a trip to Europe to do it.

Philadelphia women are so prone to primp that it has become necessary to remove mirrors from elevators in that city. We hope it may not become so bad that Philadelphia merchants will be compelled to have their plate glass windows frosted.

It is a day of surprises. Two women lawyers pleaded a case in Kansas City, and, contrary to the traditions of their sex, their pleas were the shortest in the history of that court—and they won, too.

A California man's wife ran away with her servants in an automobile. He has had the servants arrested for stealing the machine, but seems to have no concern whatever regarding his wife. One inference is that he sees his auto more than he does his wife.

CLIMB TACOMA PEAK

Five Men Make Discoveries in Rainier National Park.

Two Members of the Party Barely Miss Death on Rocks at the Bottom of Ice Slides—Crawl Over 17 Glaciers.

Tacoma, Wash.—Five mountain climbers, headed by Prof. J. B. Flott of the Tacoma high school, have completed an exploration trip around the peak of Mount Tacoma, in Rainier National park. Two of the climbers barely missed death on the rocks at the bottom of steep snow and ice slides. A hitherto unknown route around this, the most massive and highest mountain peak in the United States, was followed, and unnamed peaks scaled. The complete circle of the mountain was made in seven days. Seventeen glaciers were crossed and the explorers dipped into almost impenetrable canyons and ascended almost perpendicular walls of snow and ice to cross ridges that before had been the awe of all mountain climbers.

In the party were Prof. J. B. Flott, C. A. Barnes, Jr., mountain photographer; Percy Rinehart, J. H. Weer and Calvin Phillips, Jr.

First, Phillips, climbing up a 50 per cent. grade snow slope, slipped and slid downward with terrific speed toward huge jutting rocks and wide, open-mouthed crevasses in the packed ice. At the speed at which he was sliding, to have hit one of these rocks would have meant the breking of every bone in his body. The crevasses were huge cracks of unknown depth in the packed ice, and to have fallen into one would have meant sure death. On the very brink of this danger Phillips succeeded in so righting himself that he could gouge into the ice with his hip and stick, and thereby stop his slide.

FINDS BURIED LOOT

Farm Hand Discovers Can of Gold in Missouri.

Wycke Patterson Flees With Fortune Secreted by Civil War Bandit—Refuses to Tell Amount—May Share With His Employer.

Liberty, Mo.—One stroke of the pick made Wycke Patterson, a farm hand, rich beyond his fondest expectations when he struck a pot of gold concealed in the wall of an old building which he was helping to raze on the farm of his employer near Huntsville, Mo. A notice of the discovery of the treasure was received here by C. E. Yancey, owner of the place.

How the farm hand's quick wit enabled him to make away with the thousands in gold before the eyes of seven helpers was told in the message.

The old building, used before the Civil war as an inn, had long been an eyesore on the big mule ranch owned by the Yancey family. A force of workmen under the direction of Patterson began tearing down the ruins last week.

After removing a stone casing in the second story, Patterson struck something that gave out a sharp metallic sound. Two white laborers and five negroes crowded about him as he dug into the masonry and found a sealed pot. One blow knocked off the lid, and the group gazed upon the vessel filled with gold pieces.

Jaws dropped and eyes opened.

"Good Lawd, we's all struck it rich," said one negro. "What'll we do?"

But Patterson had his presence of mind. He seized the treasure pot and darted down the steps and out of the door. By the time his companions had recovered and followed he was out of sight. Through Saturday night and Sunday the farm hand guarded the pot of gold. Not even his wife was permitted to know how much it contained.

"If Yancey don't know how much is in it, he won't know how much to offer," said Patterson.

Monday morning a man walked into

WHITE ANTS DESTROY BOOKS

In India All Valuable Papers Are Kept in Dust Tight Cabinets to Protect Them.

London.—The ravages of the white ant among books and papers in India have become so serious that the government has appointed an entomologist, T. B. Fletcher, to make an exhaustive study of the insect. There are, it is stated, five kinds of insect that ruin office records in India, the white ant, fish bug, water bug, cockroach and borer. There is no way of preventing ravages by these enemies except keeping all records in dust tight steel cabinets and bookcases. The white ants reduce an entire book, binding and leaves, to dust; the fish bug eats holes in the records, while the water bug and cockroach expend their energies on bindings. The borer starts in at one side of a book and bores directly through, coming out at the other side. The white ant completely destroys any book it attacks.

DEAF-MUTES ORGANIZE CLUBS

National Deaf Club Is Name of New Organization in Which Silence Reigns.

New York.—What is probably the quietest club in the whole city has been opened in London. Its members are deaf or deaf-mutes and its name is the National Deaf Club.

Conversation is carried on by signs. The military waiter never offers an audible comment on the weather.

DR. SUN YAT SEN'S CHILDREN IN AMERICA



DR. SUN YAT SEN, founder of the Chinese republic, whose life is believed to be in some danger, has sent his children to America to be educated. In this photograph they are, from left to right, Miss Sun On, Miss Sun Yuen, Mr. Sun Fo and his wife.

Weir, on the second day out, lost his footing and slid 600 yards down a similar ice slope at the speed of a racing automobile. Big rocky crags jutted out at the bottom of the slope.

All that saved him from dashing on the rocks was the heavy pack on his back catching on some smaller rocks that barely showed above the surface of the ice. This broke his fall, righted him and by spreading out flat and digging into the ice he succeeded in saving himself from what would have been a horrible death.

HOSPITAL FOR DOGS OPEN

Institution in New York Said to Be Most Complete of Its Kind in the World.

New York.—The new hospital and dispensary of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, located on Avenue A in the east "hospital district," began its work of ministering to dogs, cats and horses. The institution is the best equipped of its kind in the world. Medicine and professional advice are given free to those unable to pay.

The building includes a series of wards, private rooms, pharmacies, operating rooms, exercise rooms and isolation wards for animals suffering from contagious diseases. The ground floor has a garage equipped with 15 automobile ambulances and wagons.

IRISH STAYING AT HOME

Government Statistics Cited to Show Falling Off of Emigration From the Emerald Isle.

Boston.—Statistics compiled here from British government sources show that emigration from Ireland has declined notably in the last few years. The population of the island shows a decrease during the period from 1901 to 1911 of only 1.2 per cent, compared with 5.2 per cent in the preceding decade.

PRAIRIE FIRES IN RUSSIA

Flight of the Peasants Before the Rapidly Spreading Flames in Czar's Country.

St. Petersburg.—Midsummer in Russia has been ushered in by a great epidemic of fire on the steppes, the Hamburger Nachrichten reports.

The intense dryness of the season has spread the fires over a huge area. One of the most dreadful fires that the Russian steppes have ever seen raged a few days ago in the province of Turgai on the other side of the Ural mountains, and to the northeast of the Caspian. On these steppes vast seas of grass stretch to the horizon, raised only by shrubs of the wild cherry and dwarf almond on the hillside or by clumps of wormwood when the soil is clayey. Herds of cattle and horses graze on the plains.

It was early in the morning when mighty clouds of smoke suddenly rose up from the steppes, a sure sign to the inhabitants that a fire was in progress. So appalling was the speed with which the fire rolled over the dry and yellow grass that the peasants had quickly to concert measures for saving just their own lives from destruction. Fervent activity prevailed in all the villages until the tongues of flame which came on nearer and nearer with uncanny swiftness appeared on the horizon.

Swept forward by the rushing wind, sparks from the conflagration kindled in advance another fire, which in a short time enveloped 30,000 acres of grazing ground. Swifter and swifter before the wind dashed on the wall of fiery waves. Enormous pillars of flame shot up into the air. The suction was so strong that slabs of turf and burning branches were hurled high up into the air and thrown far away.

Men and cattle were hard put to it to save themselves. Their least danger was about as far in the conversation line as a self-respecting waiter permits himself to go as a rule.

There are no bells in the club, for the assumption is that no one would notice them even if they were rung. Under the door plate there is a button which, instead of a bell, switches on a red electric light when it is pressed. When the services of the waiter are invoked it is a red light and not a bell that calls him.

The club numbers 120 men and 60 women, and included in its appointments is a billiard room, probably the only one in London at which exclamations of disappointment are not heard.

The president of the club, A. J. Wilson, is deaf, but can speak clearly, and when he opened the club he declared that he had never seen "a merrier lot of men and women."

Robbed Landlord to Pay Rent. Washington.—James Rynburg was fined in police court here for robbing his landlord in order to get money to pay his rent.

Preacher Aids Bashful to Meet Future Wives.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—"If any poor, bashful man in my audience has fallen in love with some worthy woman, and wants to meet her for a wife, I will see that he is introduced, in a place to court, will help him get his license, pay for it if necessary, marry him free of charge, and furnish him with a wedding certificate which he may hang over the motto, 'God Bless Our Home.'"

This is the offer made the other Sunday by Rev. G. L. Morrill, a prominent Minneapolis pastor, in his sermon "The Masher Mashed."

Mr. Morrill termed a masher "a blunderer who roasts on the corner and by look, gesture and speech takes familiar advantages of women who pass by."

"And if the fellow seems to want a hot time, girls," the pastor advised, "wallop him with your bag and then throw red pepper in his eyes."

Regarding eugenics, Rev. Mr. Morrill said:

"Woman was made to marry, and not to be a religious recluse, old maid or stenographer, unless she possesses some defect of mind or body which would result in degenerate offspring."

The ogling ogre is sometimes masher by the indignant victim or by some manly looker on, who remembers his own dear ones, some gallant policeman, or by the judge, who, instead of giving a light flax, gives a heavy sentence to the 'workhouse, where Mr. Masher may flirt with the mop, make gookoo eyes at daisies in the field or mash rock in quarries."

Following the sermon Rev. Mr. Morrill was approached by several young men of his audience, who sought him to introduce them to women they thought "worthy." Unhesitatingly, their request was granted, and they were told to go ahead "with their courting and then come back for their marriage licenses."

Speaking by the Card. Mrs. Taylor—"What's that saying about the watched pot? Bob? A watched pot—"

"Mr. Taylor (absentmindedly)—"A watched pot is a seldom shy."

Aged Artist to Wed. New York.—John C. Gillet, an artist, aged seventy-seven, told his friends that he is soon to marry Mrs. Rachel Kendall, four years his junior.

Tales of Gotham and other CITIES

Dr. H. Bolte of Sapulpa, Okla., Is Still Waiting.



NEW YORK.—Dr. H. Bolte of Sapulpa, Okla., may find some satisfaction in a notice sent to him the other day by Deputy Police Commissioner Dougherty to the effect that Thomas Brown is under arrest here and will be held for Dr. Bolte's identification. Mr. Brown said his arrest was an outrage and that he never swindled a dentist or anybody else out of \$1,500 by a variation of the good old wire tapping game.

This was the title of the dentist: He came from Oklahoma to New York to get to Europe. He had over \$500 in cash and a check for \$1,000. He met a nice fellow in a Broadway bar room who called himself Walter Sims and said he was a planter from Jackson, Miss. Sims introduced the doctor to J. W. Walsh, a millionaire grain speculator of Buffalo. The two took Dr. Bolte to a "club" at 123 West Forty-fifth street, where one might bet on the races.

Millionaire Walsh pried a wallet from his pocket, unstrapped the same and produced \$20,000 in cash and a certified check for \$20,000. He bet

Woe Confronts Women Golfers With High Heels

CHICAGO.—The French heel, the military heel, the Cuban and all the other leather brongs of fashion have been discriminated against by the South Park commissioners in favor of the low, squat, broad, commonplace heel—that is, on the Jackson Park golf course.

Hundreds of women are complaining of the new rule. But the neighboring cobbler regards it as a dispensation of Providence and are willing to catalogue the 1913 model automobiles.

The park commissioners, who have no soul for art and no eyes for beautiful heels, are enforcing this rule only for the sake of their horrid old golf links, say the women.

Six hundred owners of fancy heels the other day were refused admission to the course, and almost every one of them went to the nearest cobbler to have the offending three inches or so of leather cut down to the regulation three-quarters of an inch.

There were many protests from women who hesitated between their love for the game and appearance.

"But I can't wear low heels," complained one. "You see, I have such a patrician instep, and those squat heels might cripple me."

"Is this too high," inquired another golf fan, exhibiting an inch of heel shaped on the general order of a toothpick. "I've had it cut down already."

When Is a Lap Dog? Owner Solves the Question



LOS ANGELES, CAL.—When is a lap dog? Lap dogs are carried free of charge on Los Angeles street cars, and the rule defines the limits and boundaries of such a canine as "one which may be carried in the arms and worn in the lap in such a way that other passengers will not be annoyed."

or words to that effect.

"She" came from somewhere out yonder and when the Arcade station was clear of her ample bulk there was so much room left that the waiting room looked like a church on Tuesday afternoon.

She had a dog with her. A dog built upon good, old-fashioned substantial lines, long, low and rakish and a leg on each corner; a zoological specimen weighing perhaps 50 pounds. All know every dog has his day. The animal had a kindly, open countenance—it was open anyway—

and the glittering array of teeth would have been the pride of any dentist. Also, it was hot, and dogs are proverbially more careless of their teeth in hot weather than in the ice of March, whatever they are.

"She" and the dog started to mount the cabin deck of a seagoing street car. The conductor obligingly threw out a life line to the struggling passenger, and then aimed a well-meaning kick at the dog which was blighly climbing aboard.

"How dare you do that like that? I'll report you to the company. Never heard of such a thing," said "She."

"Come Romeo," this to the dog. Romeo "came," snapping happily at the open work box on the street car man's lap.

Then the "dog" rule was explained to "She." "Oh, very well," was the response with a Laura Tenn Libby inflection. "I shall hold Romeo upon my lap," and held Romeo she did, although the effort used up seats intended for four persons and gave the car such a list to starboard after the fashion of a ship which has shifted its cargo.

Which brings us back to the original proposition, "when is a lap dog?"

BACKACHE AND ACHING JOINTS

Together Tell of Bad Kidney. "Every Picture Tells a Story."

Much pain that masks as rheumatism is due to weak kidneys—to their failure to drive out the acids in my back. I was in bed for weeks. When you suffer from backache, bad joints, backache, too; with some kidney disorders, get Doan's Kidney Pills, which have cured thousands.

An Illinois Case. Edward Porche, 1818 Cleveland Ave., Chicago, Ill., says: "I suffered terribly from kidney trouble which resulted in dropsy. For three months I was laid up with water in my back. I was in bed for weeks. When you suffer from backache, bad joints, backache, too; with some kidney disorders, get Doan's Kidney Pills, which have cured thousands."

Get Doan's at a Doan.

Doan.

PICKED OUT THE WRONG EYE

Physician Meant Well Enough But He Had Left the Motorman Seriously Handicapped.

Frank E. Payne, a member of the state railroad commission, said when investigating a trolley accident recently, he was told of a motorman on a work car who was running at high speed when the trucks left the rails because of snow and sleet, and the car was thrown to the side of the right of way, bringing it up against a telephone pole.

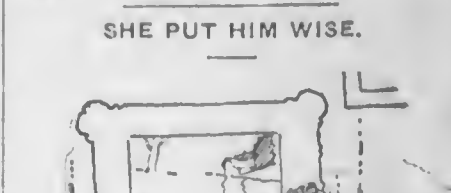
"The motorman was not seriously hurt, but was cut and bruised about the head and face by flying glass. He was carried to a physician's office where his wounds were dressed and bandaged. When the physician had placed the last pin, he asked the wounded man if he felt like he could walk."

"Sure, I can walk all right," returned the patient, but I wish you would fix those bandages so I can see."

"Why, man," returned the physician, "I left one of your eyes uncovered for the purpose."

"But, doc, that eye you left uncovered is a glass one."—Indianapolis News.

SHE PUT HIM WISE.



Mr. Freshly—All the world loves a lover.

Miss Collier Down—I reckon you haven't met my father as yet.

Unusual Occurrence. Richard Harding Davis, during his Atlantic City honeymoon, said at a fish luncheon:

"I confess that I am not pleased with the modern trend of fiction. The newest fiction leaves a bad taste in the mouth. It is now full of double entendre—like the parlor maid's remark."

"A gentleman came down to breakfast on morning with blondish eyes. He drank eight glasses of ice water hurriedly, then he inquired hoarsely to the pretty parlor maid:

"Tell me, Adele, did I reach home last night very much under the weather?"

"Indeed you did, sir," the maid replied. "Why, sir, you kissed the mistress!"—Washington Star.

"40-Love."

The Author and Willie Quikstep were playing tennis and the Author, who is something of a tease, had been rallying her about her game.

"I say, Miss Nellie!" he cried at last, "Do you feel warm? You're getting awfully red."

"Am I red?" returned she calmly, as she sent the ball flying over the net. "Well, that's more than can be said of your books, Mr. Inkwell. That's '40-love,' I believe."

An Oversight. "There has certainly been a serious miscalculation about this year."

"What's that?"

"So many dreadful things are happening, and they forgot all about pre-aging them by a comet."

Not With Him. Mack—Has Skinny any conscience? Jack—It could easily prove an alibi.

Judge.

A very successful remedy for pelvic catarrh is hot douches of Paxtine Antiseptic, at drugists, 25c a box or sent postpaid on receipt of price by The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

Always a Safe Remark. Amateur Ned Kelly (sotto voce)—By Jove! I've forgotten my jolly lines. Goodness gracious, whatever shall I do?

Professional Dan Kelly (equal to the occasion)—Shoot the nearest policeman and beat out: To the bush, boys, to the bush!—Sydney Bulletin.

Red Cross Ball Blue will wash double as many clothes as any other blue. Don't put your money into any other.

"Without woman man would be rough, rude, solitary, and would ignore all the graces, which are but smiles of love."—Francis Augustus de Chateaubriand.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

About the only thing father gets on his birthday is a lemon.

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Victoria Cross Stories

by Allen Stephens

It is simply a bit of bronze, cast in the shape of a Maltese cross, one and one-half inches in diameter, and worth about nine cents in our money—ribbon included. And yet, up to date, five hundred and fifty-two British subjects have courted what seemed to be certain and sudden death in order that they might wear one of these bits of bronze and become privileged to append the letters "V. C." to their names; and of these, fifteen never lived to enjoy their honors—they died to win.

When Queen Victoria instituted the Order of the Victoria Cross by her Royal Warrant of January 29, 1856, it is more than likely that she was inspired by the immortal Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava some two years before. At any rate, she felt that a new naval and military order was necessary in order to distinguish those brave men who, by their valor, particularly signalized themselves during the Crimean war.

Nothing gave "the merit of conspicuous bravery" gives claim for the decoration, and it must be evinced by some signal act of devotion or valor in the presence of the enemy.

It would be a hard matter to decide which particular deed out of the five hundred and twenty-two was the noblest. In fact, in some instances the cross was awarded for a series of gallant actions on the part of a single individual, each act worthy of a V. C. itself. This fact tends to complicate the difficult if not impossible task of making a selection. True, some of the deeds which won a cross have been more spectacular than others. Thus the lancers, hussars, and dragoons who earned a V. C. during the brief but memorable Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava will, in all probability, be better known to posterity than the civilian clerk "Lucknow."

Kavanagh, the brave Irishman who earned a Victoria Cross by his wonderful daring in leaving Lucknow with dispatches and plans, picking his way through a country infested by 60,000 vigilant, murderous Sepoy troopers, that aid might be summoned to the beleaguered city.

The Indian mutiny was in full swing. Early in 1857 the mysterious chaplains of unlearned bread had been passed from village to village, together with the sinister message, "Everything will become red." Misled by treacherous and designing native princes, the Sepoys had turned upon the English.

Fresh from Hongkong after the news of the outbreak at Meerut, H. M. S. Shannon disembarked a body of bluejackets at Calcutta and all haste was made to the relief of the English garrison at Cawnpore. Sir William Peel, who had gained distinction and a V. C. during the Crimean war, and among the latter was one William Hall, a negro captain of the fort who had been service in the Crimea.

Pulling their 24-pounders over the rough roads, the naval brigade joined Havelock's relieving column, and every nerve was strained to reach Cawnpore in time, for it was known that about six hundred Europeans were cooped up in the city, including many English women and children.

Cawnpore was reached upon the 15th of July, and a crushing blow dealt the bloodthirsty hosts of the unpeppable Nana Sahib. But the effort was wasted in the main, for scarcely twenty-four hours before, while Havelock's column was within a day's march, the massacre which started the civilized world had been perpetrated. Four hundred odd men had surrendered, owing to the blunder of a gentle and weak-kneed general, and more than two hundred women and children had been left to the mercies of the fiendish foe under Nana Sahib.

The men of the garrison had been cruelly decoyed to their deaths—wantonly shot down in cold blood after the surrender, several weeks before the arrival of General Havelock and his men. The women and children had been triumphantly inspected by Nana Sahib and then locked up in a gloomy chamber. There they were kept for some time, during which their numbers were swelled by the arrival of fresh prisoners to a total of two hundred and eighteen. The Nana had been in no hurry to slaughter them, but the near approach of the avenging forces hastened his action, and on the 15th of July his edict went forth for the massacre.

The Nana commanded the Sepoys to shoot through the windows into the closely packed masses of women, but even his men, hardened as they were to their leader's atrocities, could not bring themselves to murder the women and children in cold blood. They contented themselves with firing a single volley over their heads. But other less scrupulous instruments were quickly found, and five brutal-looking natives, each armed with a glittering tulwar, entered the crowded chamber and closed the door behind them.

To the listeners outside came the sound of low wallings, of running feet, and the dull thuds of the butchers' swords.

To picture the scene within the room would hallow the imagination of Dante. The mind recoils from a scene so once so hideous and appalling.

The next morning the bodies were taken out, stripped, and thrown into a well. In many the spark of life still

lingered, but living and dead were remorselessly cast together into the pit. The horror of it! With Havelock barely a score of miles away! The followers of Nana dispersed before the onslaught of the avengers; and upon the afternoon following the battle, the negro Hall and a group of his bluejacket shipmates heard the horrible story as related above, from the lips of a half-caste woman convert who spoke English fluently. Hall and his friends gazed upon the floor of the death-chamber, fully two inches deep with blood and gore and tufts of hair. They noted tulwar gashes in the walls the height of a woman's neck. Then they turned away, sick at heart, but swore to be avenged.

Forty-five miles away another desperate siege was being conducted. At Lucknow, one of the most beautiful cities in India, a handful of Englishmen were holding out against the fierce hordes of Sepoys who hemmed them in on every side.

Havelock set out for Lucknow with the greater part of his force, leaving Cawnpore in charge of Colonel Neill. Among others left behind under Neill were Hall and some of his shipmates. Quite naturally they were furious at not being permitted to accompany the first relief, but it was necessary to leave guns and men to hold Cawnpore.

They relieved the monotony of their situation and vented a part of their pent-up vengeance by forcing a number of high-caste Brahmin prisoners to clean up the blood-stained death-chamber. Men were set over them with whips to see that they did not shirk their task. The Brahmins, thus ceremoniously degraded, were then banded and buried in a ditch.

As the world knows, General Havelock and his command reached the

sheltered angle to drag back his gun. He called upon them to remember the bloody room at Cawnpore. He seemed to hear a charmed life.

After an hour's perilous work, during which the detachment of bluejackets was all but wiped out, the 24-pounders succeeded in battering a hole in the wall about three feet square. A bugle call sounded. The infantrymen sprang to their feet and rushed at the little hole in spite of the fact that certain death awaited the foremost.

The enemy, having been driven out of the courtyard by the loyal native troops, aided by the loyal native troops, made for the gateway of the main structure. As they attempted to close the heavy doors behind them, a Pindari Mohammedan, Mukarrab Khan by name, thrust his left arm between them. As a tulwar nearly severed his hand at the wrist, he withdrew the wounded arm and immediately thrust in the other!

By this time, other men had reached the spot and torn the doors open. For this brave act, Mukarrab Khan was decorated with the Order of Merit, the Indian equivalent of the Victoria Cross.

Meanwhile other serious work had been cut out for William Hall and the other bluejackets, for a thousand yards away, in the direction of the Residency, loomed the towering outlines of the Shah Najaf, a white-domed tomb, surrounded by high walls of solid masonry. While the Highlanders tore off the roofs of the surrounding huts and drove the Sepoys before them like sheep, other troops were "remembering Cawnpore" while attending to the enemy in the Sikandarbagh, and the naval detachment dragged their guns into position before the Shah Najaf.

A solid shot from the enemy struck a naval ammunition wagon, exploding



Residency at Lucknow in due time, after having been obliged to fall back upon Cawnpore by reason of the extreme heat and the dreaded cholera. The gallant Neill was with him when he finally succeeded in cutting his way into Lucknow, but the negro Hall and other bluejackets were not present. Their opportunity was to come later.

Havelock and his men, though strong enough to reinforce the beleaguered troops in Lucknow and save the English garrison from destruction, were not strong enough to cut their way to safety, hampered with women and children and wounded amounting to 1,500 souls. Thus the siege continued upon a larger scale.

Meanwhile, Sir Colin Campbell had arrived in India. He was to assume the chief command of the forces in India, and his first task was to rescue the garrison at Lucknow. Upon the 9th of November he led an army of five thousand men and thirty guns out of Cawnpore, and among these was the naval brigade under William Peel.

The Sikandarbagh, a formidable-looking structure about 130 yards square and surrounded by a thick brick wall about twenty feet high, was the first nut to crack before Lucknow could be relieved. It sheltered upward of two thousand well-armed Sepoys, who poured a galling fire into the English from the flat roof of a pavilion on top of the structure.

Little could be done until a breach had been made in the wall, so the infantry lay down and sheltered themselves as best they could while the men of the naval brigade dragged their guns up under the wall. Across the deadly zone of bare ground the negro and his shipmates dragged their guns as coolly as if laying alongside an enemy's frigate. Many after man dropped under the cruel fire until each gun was short-handed.

Once up under the wall, the gallant men were in a measure protected, but as the 24-pounders kicked back after each discharge, it became necessary for the men to enter the danger zone to drag them back into position. At each recoil the Sepoys concentrated their fire upon the little detachment, and each discharge cost a human life.

Encouraging his shipmates by his fearless example, the negro was always the first man to drag out of the

its contents. Hall, with the blood streaming down his face where a piece of shell had grazed him, stood by his gun and urged his fellow bluejackets on by word and deed.

Throughout the long afternoon the men hammered away at the twenty-foot wall. Gun after gun was abandoned as their crews were shot down, but the negro hero was game to the last. Shortly before dark the commander gave the order to collect the killed and wounded and retire for the night, but Hall had to be peremptorily ordered to retire by his superior before he obeyed.

Meanwhile, Lieutenant Salmon of the naval brigade had climbed a tree and discovered a small aperture in the wall. The enemy saw him and volleys at him. Badly wounded, he fell into the arms of his men and reported what he had seen. For this brave act he was rewarded with a Victoria Cross.

The English were quick to take advantage of the information, and among the first men to rush the breach was William Hall, wounded, but hacking right and left with his cutlasses. Early upon the following morning, the Residency was relieved and a second massacre averted.

In due time, Hall received his Victoria Cross, as both his commanding officers and shipmates were agreed that his gallantry had been the most conspicuous event of a day memorable for its many brave actions.

Hall lived to take part in the bombardment of Alexandria many years later, and was awarded the Egyptian medal and its inseparable companion, the Khedive's Star. With his Crimean and Egyptian medals, his Victoria Cross and Khedive's Star, this brave negro finally retired from service and took up his residence in a small Nova Scotia village, far away from the grim scenes of his early days.

In all, three negroes have been awarded the Victoria Cross: Samuel Hodgson and W. J. Gordon of the West Indian regiment, and William Hall of the Royal Navy; and possibly the bravest of these is the white-haired, black ex-captain of the foretop, William Hall, V. C.

Baron Roberts of Kandahar and Waterford has the insignia of the Order of the Garter. It was presented to him by Queen Victoria about two

weeks before her death. When the German Emperor came to London to attend the funeral he was pleased to decorate Lord Roberts with the Order of the Black Eagle. The gallant Irish soldier of Indian nativity has also received the thanks of the British Parliament together with a grant of 100,000 pounds sterling; and is entitled to the letters K. C. B., G. C. B., G. C. I. E., G. C. S. I., and K. P.

Best of all, he is affectionately known to every soldier in the British army as "Bobs." He is also the proud wearer of a Victoria Cross, and the possessor of a second cross for which his only son stained the South African veldt with his life-blood.

The idol of the British army was but a lieutenant when he won his cross in the bloody days of the Indian Mutiny, and at the time was serving on the staff of Sir Colin Campbell, the commander-in-chief of the British forces in India. He had already been mentioned in dispatches, had been wounded, and also knocked over by the "windage" of a round shot.

A column was moving upon Fategarh to restore order through a strip of disordered territory, so that communication might be opened up between the Punjab and Bengal. Riding with the horse artillery and cavalry, "Bobs" came upon a large body of the enemy occupying the village of Khandag. It became necessary to dislodge and destroy this force if possible, as it was understood that in the ranks of this particular body of Sepoys were many who had taken a more or less prominent part in the Cawnpore slaughter.

Three guns were pushed across a partly destroyed suspension bridge over a stream. They engaged the enemy while planks were laid across the stringers for the passage of the main body of the column.

Fearful lest Sir Colin Campbell should favor the Highlanders by ordering them to lead, the 53d regiment, composed mostly of impulsive Irishmen, charged the village without waiting for orders. Nothing remained but to support them.

As the yelling troops advanced upon the village calling upon one another to "Remember Cawnpore!" the Sepoys wavered, then hastily limbered up their guns and retired. This gave the mounted troops an opportunity to follow up the retreat and inflict a summary punishment.

"Threes left—trois—march!" came the order.

And with "Bobs" well in the vanguard, the 9th Lancers led the pursuit. When within three hundred yards of the Sepoys the "charge" was sounded, and within another minute came the shock. Seven guns were taken within five minutes.

The line thundered on, overtaking groups of the enemy, who every few moments paused to kneel and fire into the British. Finally the last body was overtaken. The Sepoys halted and fired a volley at close range.

Lieutenant Youngblood, riding near "Bobs," felt but the future field marshal could not ride to his assistance at that moment, for close by him a Sepoy was attacking one of his men with a fixed bayonet. With a stroke of his saber "Bobs" put the Sepoy out of commission and was about to give his attention to the fallen officer when he saw two Sepoys running away with a regimental standard in their possession.

Putting spurs to his horse, he overtook the mutineers and ran one of them through. He was wrenching the flag out of the hand of the man he had cut down, when the other Sepoy placed the muzzle of his musket close to Roberts' breast, and pulled the trigger. Fortunately for the gallant lieutenant it missed fire, and he lived not only to receive the Victoria Cross from the hands of the Queen at Buckingham Palace in June of 1859, but also to receive from the same hands, some forty years later, a Victoria Cross awarded to his dear son, killed upon the battlefield of Colenso in a desperate attempt to save a battery from falling into the hands of the Boers.

In writing of these heroes of the Cross, it would not be fair to dismiss the subject without mentioning the exploits of Field Marshal Sir George Stuart White, who in 1870 won a cross, and the following year was awarded a clasp in addition, equivalent to a second cross.

White, who succeeded "Bobs" as commander-in-chief in India, became an ensign of the 27th Inniskilling regiment in 1853. Ten years later he became a captain in the famous 92d regiment of Gordon Highlanders. A major in 1870, he and his regiment formed part of the avenging column ordered to Afghanistan to punish the murderers of Cavagnari.

At the battle of Charasiah, with a mere handful of Highlanders, he won his first cross and undying fame by charging a strongly fortified hill. The men in the kills were outnumbered in the proportion of ten to one; but inspired by their gallant major, they pressed on and captured the position, much to the surprise and satisfaction of General "Bobs."

A year later, during the famous trot of the 10,000 from Kabul to Kandahar, it became necessary to take an Afghan position. A battery of screw guns had been shelling the Afghans for some time without tangible results. Supported by a regiment of fighting Gurkhas, the Highlanders ascended the hill hand Major White. At the point of the bayonet they drove the Afghans away from their guns; and the first man into the enclosure was the gallant major, who lived to become a field marshal.

Years later, he defended Ladysmith throughout a siege lasting one hundred and ten days, and delighted the British public by his stern refusal to entertain Sir Redvers Buller's suggestion that he surrender to the Boers.



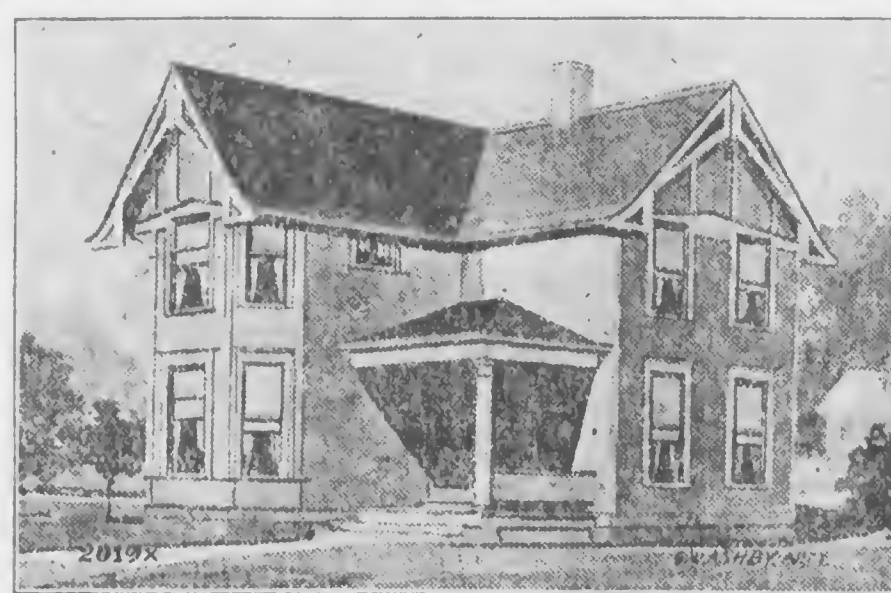
Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF CHARGE on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 135 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

The house here illustrated is built on a plan that many might say belongs to the "old school," but it has a good deal to recommend it. Those who appreciate plenty of light and air like to have rooms built on this plan, because they can have all the windows they want, and have them so placed that sunlight can penetrate into every room.

The first houses, built when the country was new to white folks, were square or nearly so. Then, as more room was needed, they were extended in one direction, keeping generally to one room in width. When the limit in this form was reached, some bright, intelligent fellow branched off at right angles, and built a room on the side of his house. This must have been considered a great innovation, as well as a great invention; and so it was, for it has been handed down from one generation to the next, and we still find the idea worth adopting.

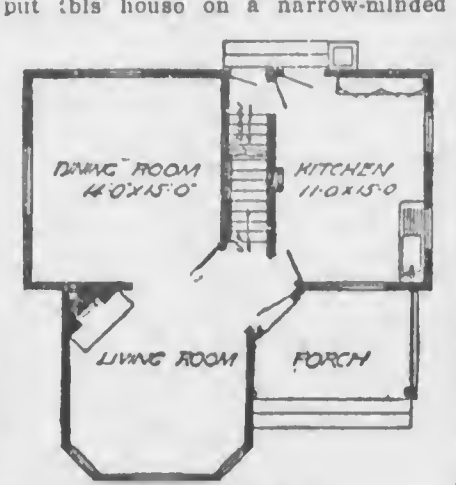
There is no record of the original house built on this plan; so we do not know whether it had an upstairs or not; but there is a good second story to this house, and there is also a good cellar—another feature that the original architect didn't understand. It is necessary to "like" back to those "good old times" when luxuries approached closely to what we call privations, in order to appreciate what we now have.

We could live as the early pioneers did, in one-room houses built with an ax; but we should rather not do it in the winter time. There are, however, a few principles that were worked into those early habitations that we cannot get away from, and we do not want to. One is the open-air freedom, the light and cheerful setting of trees and clearing, and the open fire-



place, the cheerful warmth of which still lingers in our hearts as a heritage from primeval days.

As this house is 30 feet wide and the projections at the roof gables are extra, it needs considerable room. The law has decided that you must not hang your roof over your neighbor's ground, so it would be impossible to put this house on a narrow-minded



city lot. If you want to build on this plan, you must have room enough to look out in every direction.

There is another advantage in a plan of this kind, and that is the possibility of extending it at the back without interfering with the original plan. Some houses may be enlarged when the family increases, while other plans cannot be altered without tearing the whole house to pieces. There are only six rooms in the plan as designed, but the rooms are all large. If an eight-room house is wanted in the years to come, the only thing necessary is to add a wing at the back similar to the one in front, and make two rooms that can be reached without any objectionable features and with no alteration in the original plan except the cutting of two doors.

It is not desirable, as a general thing, to build a house smaller than you really want, with the expectation of making it larger afterwards; but there are a great many different exist-

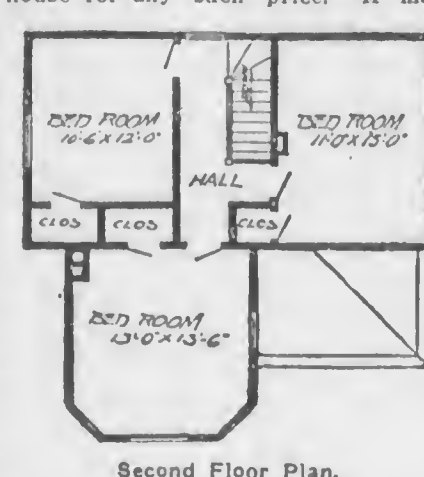
ing circumstances, and changes in families are continually taking place. It is customary, under certain conditions, to build a house larger than necessary, and to leave some rooms unfinished to save expense at the time of building; but it is quite unusual to select a plan with the expectation of making alterations. In fact, it usually is very undesirable to do so.

One feature about this plan that will strike everybody favorably is the possibility of building it for about \$1,500. In these times of advancing prices, no one expects much of a house for any such price. A man would have to manage very carefully to get this house for that amount of money; but it can be done in localities where building materials and labor can be had at reasonable prices, and provided the owner understands how to take advantage of such conditions.

The famous "Iron Pillar" of Delhi, which stands in the inner courtyard of the "Qutb" mosque, about nine miles south of the modern city, has always excited the interest of metallurgists and engineers as well as historians. It was probably made about 413 A. D.

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Second Floor Plan.

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FAMOUS RELIC OF THE PAST

Iron Pillar of Delhi, Made of Welded Metal, Was Wrought Some 1,500 Years Ago.

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SYMPATHY, BUT NO APOLOGY

Lawyer's Tart Remarks Not Greatly Softened by His Rejoinder When "Called Down."

Andrew Lipscomb, who practices law before the courts of Maryland, was trying his first case before a judge named Merrick. Lipscomb, wishing to impress the judge, was, in the language of the bar, right lippy in his remarks to the eminent gentleman. Finally, Merrick lost patience and exclaimed:

"Sit down! Sit down, sir! If you don't sit down I'll line you for contempt of court."

Lipscomb sat down, but turned to a young lawyer beside him, and remarked, in an undertone:

"That's the cruelest, most opinionated old judge I ever saw. I'll show him where he gets off. He's an old fool."

"If you talk like that, I'll beat you up!" replied the young lawyer. "He's my father!"

"How sad!" said Lipscomb, smoothly. "How sad."—Popular Magazine.

ECZEMA IN RED BLOTCHES

205 Kanter Ave., Detroit, Mich.—"Some time last summer I was taken with eczema. It began in my hair first with red blotches, then scaly, spreading to my face. The blotches were red on my face, dry and scaly, not large; on my scalp they were larger, some scabby. They came on my hands. The inside of my hands were all little bumps as though full of shot about one-sixteenth of an inch under the skin. Then they went to the outside and between and all over my fingers. It also began on the bottoms of my feet and the calves of my legs, and itch, oh, my! I never had anything like it and hope I never will again. The itching was terrible. My hands got so I could scarcely work."

"I tried different eczema ointments but without results. I also took medicine for it but it did no good. I saw the advertisement for a 'sample of Cuticura Ointment and Soap' and sent for one. They did me so much good I bought some more, using them as per directions, and in about three weeks I was well again. Cuticura Soap and Ointment entirely cured me. (Signed) Benj. Passage, Apr. 8, 1912. Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card 'Cuticura, Dept. 1, Boston.'"

A man has no use for a woman who attempts to convince him that he is wrong and succeeds in doing it.

Tandem.
She—I don't care much for canoeing.
He—Why not?
She—Because you have to sit tandem all the time.

True Worth.
Visitor: "I came all the way from the city to consult your lawyer Jones here. He's a good man, isn't he?"

Uncle Eben: "Nope; we don't consider him one of two, three, with Smith. Why Smith's been intrusted with the local agency of the Knott Knitting Needle, the dispensing of Daggett's Druggists dope, and the demonstrating of Passett's Fireless Cooker. That not only shows that he's got the confidence of such big fellows as them, but he don't have to depend on his law hardly at all to make a living."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Not Necessary to Leave Home.
In an effort to stop the migration of dying consumptives to the Southwest, the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis will ask physicians to be more careful in ordering patients to go away, and will also ask railroads to discontinue their practice of selling "charity" tickets to those who cannot afford to pay full fare. "No consumptive should go to Colorado, California, or the West for his health," says the association. "Unless he has a good chance for recovery from his disease, and unless especially he has at least \$1,000 to spend for this purpose, over and above what his family may need."

"Tuberculosis can be cured in any part of the United States, and it is not necessary for a tuberculous patient to go West. Whenever possible, the National Association urges tuberculous patients who have not ample funds to go to a sanatorium near home, and if they cannot do this, to take the cure in their homes, under the direction of a physician."

THIRTEEN YEARS
Unlucky Number for Dakota Woman.
The question whether the number "13" is really more unlucky than any other number has never been entirely settled.

A So. Dak. woman, after thirteen years of misery from drinking coffee, found a way to break the "unlucky spell." Tea is just as injurious as coffee because it contains caffeine, the drug in coffee. She writes:

"For thirteen years I have been a nervous wreck from drinking coffee. My liver, stomach, heart—in fact, my whole system being actually poisoned by it."

"Last year I was confined to my bed for six months. Finally it dawned on me that coffee caused the trouble. Then I began using Postum instead of coffee, but with little faith, as my mind was in such a condition that I hardly knew what to do next."

"Extreme nervousness and falling eyelids caused me to lose all courage. In about two weeks after I quit coffee and began to use Postum I was able to read and my head felt clear. I am improving all the time and I will be a strong, well woman yet."

"I have fooled more than one person with a delicious cup of Postum. Mrs. S. wanted to know where I bought my fine coffee. I told her my grocer had it and when she found out it was Postum she has used it ever since, and her nerves are building up fine."

"My brain is strong, my nerves steady, my appetite good, and best of all, I enjoy such sound, pleasant sleep." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Get the little book in pkgs. "The Road to Wellville."

"There's a reason."

"Ever read the above letter? A new way appears from time to time. It is genuine, true, and to be believed."

MADE UGLY FOR ART'S SAKE

Sacrifice Made by Woman Whose Mouth Was Too Small for Singing.

Minie Saltzman, a talented young girl, was a fairly successful singer. She was the life of the party at all social gatherings. One day she was singing a song which required a wide range of notes. She was in the middle of the song when she noticed that her mouth was too small for the notes she was singing. She stopped singing and said: "I am sorry, but my mouth is too small for this song. I am not a singer."

quality of her voice. He offered to teach her for nothing, but told her that she would one day be famous. Unfortunately, her mouth was too small to emit a sufficient volume of sound for certain notes, and she began to despair of ever becoming a great singer. But her master found a way out of the difficulty.

"Change the shape of your mouth," he said, "make it larger; a glorious name is well worth the sacrifice of one's beauty."

After some natural hesitation, which every woman will understand, Minie Saltzman decided to take his advice. Every morning she conscientiously performed the following strange and painful exercises:

Placing her two little fingers at each extremity of her mouth, she pulled the skin gently but firmly toward the cheeks, and continued this movement, with intervals for rest, for an hour. This was to increase the width of the mouth. After this she pulled her lower lip down toward her chin, and her upper lip toward her nose. After a few months of this treatment, her tiny mouth was completely transformed.

But she does not regret the loss of her beauty, as she is now one of the most popular opera singers in Germany.—Pearson's Weekly.

In Boston.
"Oh, mamma, come quick! Baby has fell out of the window, ah—"
"Fallen, you mean, my dear! Shall I never teach you to be grammatical!" —Drowning's Magazine.

THE PUBLIC LEDGER

DAINTY—EXCEPT SUNDAY, FOURTH OF JULY, THANKSGIVING AND CHRISTMAS.

A. F. CURRAN, - - - - Editor and Publisher.

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W. H. Taft. J. S. Sherman.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,
WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
JAMES S. SHERMAN.

LYING AGAIN ILLEGAL.

When Congress, in 1906, passed the Food and Drugs Act, colloquially known as the "Pure Food Law," it declared in that act that "any package or label of which shall bear any statement . . . which shall be false or misleading in any particular . . ."

or nearly half a decade after the passage of this law it was generally believed, and the courts held, that it was illegal to make any statement on the label of a food or drug that was "false or misleading in any particular." When the point was raised before the Supreme Court, however, that august body declared—by a majority of five to three—that the phrase "false or misleading in any particular" meant false or misleading in certain particulars, to wit, as applied only to the composition or sources of origin of the products. This decision, naturally, gave general cause for rejoicing among that swindling brotherhood which robs the sick and defrauds the mortally ill by selling worthless "cures" for cancer, consumption, etc. It is more than a year since the Supreme Court's decision so seriously crippled one of the most beneficent pieces of legislation of modern times. But Congress has again put up the bars and the President has signed Congressman Shirley's bill which so amends the Food and Drugs Act as to restore the broader meaning originally attributed to that piece of legislation. Mr. Shirley's amendment consists, essentially, in the addition of a third paragraph to Section 8 of the Food and Drugs Act. This paragraph reads:

"If its package or label shall bear or contain any statement, design, or device regarding the nature or therapeutic effect of such article, or any of the ingredients or substances contained therein, which is false and fraudulent."

There can be no mistaking the intent of this amendment, says The Journal of the American Medical Association. It says to the "patent medicine" faker in plain and unequivocal terms: "Thou shalt not lie."

Dyspeptic Philosophy

Many a black sheep masquerades as spring lamb.

A love match must be one where there is no money to burn.

No man knows his own strength unless he realizes his own weakness.

The man with a bad temper isn't any more amiable when he loses it.

The man who can't look you in the eye will look to you over the telephone.

The most surprising thing in life is the fact that the things that don't seem possible happen.

STIMSON SKINS THE BULL MOOSE.

"I was Theodore Roosevelt's candidate for Governor of New York two years ago, and Roosevelt and I have been very close political and personal friends, but I am opposed to Roosevelt's conduct at present. There is no justification or reason or need for Theodore Roosevelt in this day and generation," said Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson, in a general discussion of political conditions at San Francisco.

"Theodore Roosevelt has done more harm to the advancement of pure political and better governmental conditions than any other one man or combination of men, that has intermeddled in political and governmental affairs in a great many years.

"I am a Republican because the Republican party is the party of progress, and I am progressive. I am supporting President Taft because he is the real progressive of the Republican party.

"Under the leadership of such progressives as President Taft and the men who have remained loyal to him after a generation of fighting for better and higher things in the party and in the government, the people at large are promised the very best results obtainable from our form of government."

Secretary Stimson declared that 20 years ago, when Roosevelt went into politics for the first time, conditions were infinitely more rotten than they had ever been before.

"He took every advantage of these conditions and played the game of politics according to the rules laid down by Tom Platt," continued the Secretary.

"Then he continued to play the game under the revised rules of Ben Odell. In those days and since until only a few months ago Roosevelt was the beneficiary of the rotten system as carried on by the old guard and black horse cavalry."

GETTING BACK TO NORMAL.

The one unmistakable political tendency at present is the country-wide recognition of the rare merits of President Taft. A period of normal reflection has set in. The shout has had its day and the intelligent inquiry, the frank recognition of facts have arrived.

Republics are not ungrateful. Sometimes they can be temporarily misled by political zealots or sophists; but in the end they fall back upon the safe entrenchments of practical common sense. They accept results and deeds; they suspect theories and extravagant promises.

The absence of frank and definite criticism of President Taft would be interesting but for the fact that there is no foundation for such criticism. His record has been a remarkably creditable one. Accepting the responsibilities and burdens of an office which had been attuned to the caprices and intemperate practices of his predecessor, he began the difficult task of performing his duties in the way which seemed to him the right way.

He met the stratagems of his political enemies—Democratic statesman, chiefly, but also a few Republicans who were of the Roosevelt school of office-holders—and overcame them by methods which have been both commendable and consistent.

No man who ever went to the White House confronted more trying tasks; no man ever performed them with greater earnestness or allegiance to principle.

His duties have been performed with sanity and graciousness; with dignity and judiciousness. Opposition to him has been political; and it has been found to be ineffective. The country is declaring that it has had enough of spellbinding and that it wants to get back to business. That is why Taft's stock is up and going higher. That is why the theorists and the impostors will be sent to the rear when the voters speak in November.—St. Louis Times.

The Keystone Concrete Construction Co.

Now Located at the
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Is now ready for business, with a corps of efficient architects, engineers, etc., with competent workmanship, best of materials, and will contract to build from the very smallest to the greatest all-fireproof buildings.

S. B. CHUNN, Manager.

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PEACH BRANDY, GIN AND WINES IN THE
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Modern Plumbing, Steam
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High quality of Gas Work a Specialty.
Handle Only the Best of material. Dealer
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and Ranges, All Sizes of Sewer Pipe.

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See Baseball in Cincinnati

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WE SELL

Metal Roofing!

J. C. EVERETT & CO.

GASOLINE

Squeezed From Natural Gas
at the Rate of 2,000
Barrels a Day

Some time ago The Cincinnati Enquirer printed a news item to the effect that a process had been discovered by which gasoline could be squeezed out of natural gas before it is sold for consumption. The article in question brought forth from Archibald S. White, then President of the Columbia Gas and Electric Company, a strong denial that that company was engaged in any such squeezing operation, and that it was not a successful commercial proposition, in so far as he then knew. The Scientific American now comes along with an elaborate explanation of the new process, which it is said, is being operated on a commercial basis that yields at least 2,000 barrels of gasoline a day. The article, however, is merely a general technical statement and does not mention the names

of the companies using the "recovery" process.

Ever since natural gas has been used those who handle the product noticed a collection of gasoline in the pipes through which the gas flows. This led to researches to determine whether or not gasoline could not be squeezed out of natural gas as a secondary product, and John Lathrop Gray, an inventor, has completed a process making it practicable. The recovery system is operated by compression and the cooling of the gases. "Natural gas gasoline" in appearance and physical characteristics is so nearly identical with the refinery product, when properly produced and treated, that it requires careful judgment to distinguish it. The new product also mixes well with kerosene or lighting oil and makes a cheap and satisfactory motor fuel. The new process will, the Scientific American says, ultimately operate as a safeguard against a prohibitive fuel cost for internal combustion purposes.

A policeman in Berlin shot three burglars without notifying the moving picture men. A mistake of that kind in Paris would have cost him his job.

Want Some Energy

---to make things
come your way?

If something seems to hold you back, the trouble may be wrong food—which does not supply the elements necessary for keeping up mental and physical power.

Grape-Nuts

FOOD

made of wheat and barley, contains the nutrition Nature uses for putting energy into body and brain.

Grape-Nuts and cream as the cereal part of your regular diet for a time, may solve the problem.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

For Saturday We Offer the Following Ten Great SPECIALS

Children's School Dresses from 39c up to \$3.
Princess Slips, worth \$2, for Saturday 98c.
Long Kimonos 39c.
Calico Dressing Sacques 15c.
\$5 Hair Switches \$2.50.
All Low-Cut Shoes 33 1/2 per cent. off.
New Raincoats for ladies and children \$1.98 up.
New Fall Dress Goods in all colors.
Ladies' and Children's Hats just received from New York.

\$1 Ladies' Bags, in leather and velvet, 49c.

Many Other Startling Bargains.
Come and Convince Yourself.

New York Store S. STRAUS,
Proprietor.
PHONE 571.

6 BIG DAYS—6 ...SEPTEMBER...

9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 1912

Kentucky State Fair

LIBERAL PREMIUMS OFFERED
DAILY RACES—FREE ATTRACTIONS—CLEAN MIDWAY

LIBERTY'S BAND

Farmer Boys School Encampment REDUCED RAILROAD RATES

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The Public Ledger, local and long distance Phone No. 40.

All matter for publication must be handed in before 9 o'clock a. m.

KENTUCKY FAIR DATES

Horse Cave—September 18 to 21.
Louisville—September 9 to 14.
Mayfield—October 9 to 12.
Cincinnati—September 23 to 26.
Morehead—September 19 to 21.
Saxtons—September 4 to 7.
Tompkinsville—September 4 to 7.
Bowling Green—September 4 to 7.
Harboursville—September 4 to 7.
Hartstown—September 4 to 7.

Deafness Cannot be Cured
by local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. There is only one way to cure deafness and that is by constitutional treatment. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound in your ears, which is usually attended by itchy and watery eyes. The ears are often full, and the hearing is lost. If you have these symptoms, you have an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for anyone who can cure a case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for literature free. F. J. CHERRY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Latest Markets.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.
Following are this morning's quotations on country produce (received at 10 o'clock by R. L. Maubacher, Manager of the Keystone Commercial Company):
Eggs, loose off, per dozen..... 19 1/2
Butter, 1 lb. package..... 10 1/2
Turkeys, 4 pounds and over..... 10 1/2
Hens, 4 lb. and over..... 9 1/2
Springers, 1 1/2 lb. each..... 12 1/2
Old Hens, 1 lb. each..... 8 1/2

MAYSVILLE RETAIL MARKET.

Apples, headlight, 1 gal..... 15 1/2
Coffee, 1 lb. package..... 25 1/2
Golden Syrup, 1 gal..... 35 1/2
Molasses, new crop, 1 gal..... 50 1/2
Molasses, old crop, 1 gal..... 45 1/2
Sorghum, fancy new, 1 gal..... 40 1/2
Sugar, yellow, 1 lb. package..... 6 1/2
Sugar, extra, C. & D..... 8 1/2
Sugar, A. & B..... 7 1/2
Sugar, granulated, 1 lb. package..... 7 1/2
Sugar, powdered, 1 lb. package..... 10 1/2
Sugar, New Orleans, 1 lb. package..... 30 1/2
Tea, 1 lb. package..... 30 1/2
Provisions and Country Produce.
Apples, dried, 1 lb. package..... 12 1/2
Hacon, breakfast, 1 lb. package..... 20 1/2
Hacon, clear sides, 1 lb. package..... 15 1/2
Hacon, ham, 1 lb. package..... 17 1/2
Hacon, shoulders, 1 lb. package..... 10 1/2
Beans, 1 lb. package..... 40 1/2
Butter, 1 lb. package..... 40 1/2
Eggs, 1 doz..... 19 1/2
Flour, Jefferson, 1 lb. package..... 6 1/2
Flour, Alpha, 1 lb. package..... 5 1/2
Perfection, 1 lb. package..... 5 1/2
Flour, Graham, 1 lb. package..... 40 1/2
Hominy, 1 lb. package..... 40 1/2
Honey, 1 lb. package..... 15 1/2
Lard, 1 lb. package..... 20 1/2
Meat, 1 lb. package..... 30 1/2
Potatoes, 1 lb. package..... 40 1/2
Peanut, 1 lb. package..... 15 1/2
Young Chickens, 1 lb. package..... 11 1/2
Strawberries..... 10 1/2
Apples, table..... 15 1/2
Grape Fruit..... 10 1/2
Bananas, 1 lb. package..... 15 1/2
Limes, 1 lb. package..... 20 1/2
Pineapples, 1 lb. package..... 15 1/2
Black Walnuts..... 35 1/2
California Oranges..... 30 1/2
Sweet Florida Oranges..... 30 1/2
Shelbark Hickory Nuts, 1 lb. package..... 60 1/2

EDWIN MATTHEWS DENTIST.

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Special Attention to Diseases

of the

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat

Office hours—9 to 12 a. m.; 4 to 6 p. m.

Sundays By Appointment Only.

C. F. McNamara

Will consider it a pleasure to show you the newest ideas in foreign and domestic woollens for fall and winter just received from Ed. V. Price & Co., makers of clothes that repeat, and to take your measure for moderately priced custom tailored clothes that will give you the highest degree of satisfaction.

Suits \$14 to \$25

We Are Offering On Sale For a Few
Days One Dollar Size Bottles
of Improved

WAHOO

Compound Blood and Nerve Tonic for

35c PER BOTTLE or

3 BOTTLES FOR \$1

A remedy for Rheumatism, Blood,
Stomach, Liver and Kidney Troubles.
Do not forget the price—35c per bottle
or 3 for \$1.

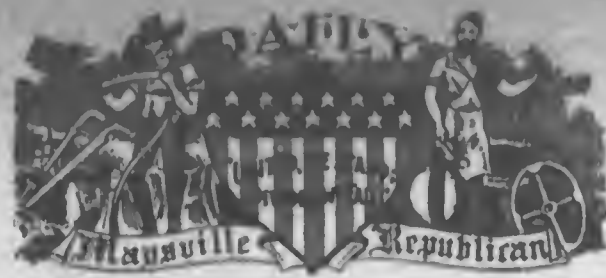
JOHN C. PECOR

Druggist Maysville, Ky.

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15-40 a. m. 12-13 p. m.
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Schedule effective Jan.
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Hofstad— 9:31 a.
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3:18 p. m., daily.
5:31 a. m., 9:31 a.
week days local.
8:51 p. m., daily, local.
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WEEKLY REPUBLICAN—1912.
DAILY PUBLIC LEDGER—1912.

MAYSVILLE, KY., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1912.

ONE COPY—ONE CENT.



I don't see any bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girls running around yelping for women's suffrage. Most of them refuse to believe that the world is growing wiser and they would rather become wives and mothers than electors and politicians.

Getting married costs less than being married.

The Colts and Midgets of this city will cross bats at League Park Sunday morning.

Other women are nearly always snappers of a beautiful blonde who has long, dark tresses.

Dr. W. J. McGee, noted anthropologist, died in Washington Wednesday as the result of a cancerous growth.

Harry D. Taft, cousin of President Taft, was dismissed from the Federal service in Chicago Wednesday.

"When is Women Old?" asks a headline. When she begins to feel that she couldn't enjoy another romance.

A non-capable boat has been invented by a genius in Norway, but the fool who rocks the boat will find some other method of burning into print.

Maysville Firm Gets Contract

The contract for the erection of the new First National Bank Building at West Union, O., was awarded Monday to the firm of Harding & Simmons of Maysville, Ky., at their bid of \$3,100 exclusive of foundation.

The building will be modern throughout and will be pushed to an early completion.

Baggage Smashing Stopped

At last! The baggage masters are not to have all their own way hereafter. The Pennsylvania Railroad has begun to install cushions for unloading baggage from trucks in baggage rooms. The anti-baggage smasher mats are about four feet long and two feet wide, made of strips of hard wood, across which are nailed pieces of scrap air-brake hose. This is a good way to meet the worst out base in the interest of the long suffering traveling public.

THE PASTIME

This Afternoon and Tonight

North
Of No. 53

A Corner in
Kisses

WASHINGTON THEATER

TONIGHT.

THE ROSARY

PRICES—25c to \$1

The Kentucky State Fair opens at Louisville next Monday, September 9th, and continues all week.

Although said to be suffering much pain with his sprained ankle, President Taft declares he will meet all engagements.

Dr. F. L. Donip of the Bureau of Chemistry associated formerly with Dr. Wiley in the pure food department, resigned.

A Court has decided that it is not unlawful for a man to play poker in his own house, but if he is wise he will not do it unless his wife is away.

Drs. J. F. Anderson and J. Goldberg of the Public Health Service, have succeeded in inoculating monkeys with measles, something hitherto unknown.

Lieutenant General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., retired, dropped dead while speaking at the last session of the Twenty-fourth Wisconsin Volunteers, known as the "Chamber of Commerce" Regiment, Thursday night at Milwaukee.

Reception to President Smith

The Woman's Club will give a reception Friday evening, September 13th, to Mrs. Thomas Jefferson Smith, State Federation President.

NEGROES BARRED

From Places on Committee by Kentucky Progressives, 'Tis Said

LOUISVILLE, Ky., September 6th.—It was learned tonight that when the Jefferson County Progressives met to perfect plans of organization for the approaching campaign it was agreed, by the Bull Moose in executive session, to bar Negroes from places on the committee or to allow them to be named delegates from the Fifth District to National conventions.

The Progressives organized at the Watterson Hotel, remaining behind closed doors for nearly three hours. It is understood a rain was proposed providing that a majority of the committee might at any time meet the chairman. The proposal was made by Matt Holt, leader of the minority faction, and was voted down.

PILES CURED AT HOME BY NEW ABSORPTION METHOD.

If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment, and will also send some of our home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write today to Mrs. M. Summers Box P. South Bend, Ind.

THE ESSENCE OF TRUTH

New York Sun.

As many of our readers may be short of time to read Colonel Roosevelt's latest 18,000 words, we present herewith a brief digest of his certificate of veracity. He says in effect: There is no proof that any Standard Oil money was received.

If it was received it was against my prohibition and in the face of assurances to the contrary.

My letters and telegrams to Mr. Cortelyou prove my verity.

Mr. Loeb will confirm it.

I never asked Mr. Harriman for money.

Mr. Loeb will confirm this.

Mr. Biller was an honest man.

Mr. Penrose and Mr. Archbold possess consciences scared and dulled.

Mr. Penrose is like a blackmailing police officer.

My conduct speaks for itself.

Mr. Perkins is all right.

I have received contributions from a book-keeper, a fisherman, a brakeman, a mother of a family and a poet.

I deeply appreciate the attitude of Mr. Perkins, Mr. Munsey, Judge Lindsay and Miss Jane Addams.

We Progressives are all idealists.

Sincerely yours.

The document and evidence we have omitted from the foregoing, for they are all ancient history. The assertions are, however, new and we present them at some length as the essential part of the certificate.

If someone will now come forward and establish Colonel Roosevelt's veracity his 18,000 words can be taken as true and the whole matter dismissed.

OF LOCAL INTEREST.

SOME PEOPLE WE KNOW, AND WE WILL PROFIT BY HEARING ABOUT THEM

THE LEDGER leads in all, and is the favorite paper of the people.

THE LEDGER leads in all, and is the favorite paper of the people.

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The Life of a Town

It takes live men to make a live town. Dead men are only fit to inhabit cemeteries. If they are really decently dead, dead all over, we tenderly lay them away in the sleep of the tomb but if they are only dead in all enterprise and spirit, outside of the narrow limits of their own selfishness, and yet persist in walking around, moving their calloused hearts and consciences where real business is wont pulse and throb with vigor they are really like the drone bees, in the way until they are stung to death and dragged outside the hive of legitimate industry.

Twelve really live men are worth more to a town generally than a round full thousand or such useless material that lays around like rubbish in a rushing stream that is aching and foaming to turn into mills and factories. Yes, live men bloom and dead men curse a town.

Every effort is being made by the State Department at Washington to get arms and ammunition to the Americans in the Caosnes district in Mexico.

The County Clerk's Association and that of the Circuit Court Clerks of Kentucky have combined and elected John B. Dillon of Kenton county, President.

Any one wishing to enter contest for prize offered by Civic Department of Woman's Club for beautifully kept yard, please send name to Mrs. J. W. Lea not later than September 10th.

PRIZE CORN

Western Normal School Issues Directions For Corn Cultivation in Kentucky

The Western Kentucky State Normal School at Bowling Green has issued the following bulletin on the proper method of growing prize corn:

I. Fertilizing.

1. Use an abundance of well-rottened stable manure, if obtainable. Apply after land is plowed and work into soil thoroughly (25 tons is not too much if well worked in.) Part of the manure may be applied before plowing if thought best.

2. If commercial fertilizer is used, use analysis as nearly as possible, nitrogen, 3 per cent., phosphoric acid, 10 per cent., and potash, 2 per cent., is recommended. From 250 to 500 pounds per acre should be drilled into the ground with a wheel drill about two weeks before planting. (Do not put fertilizer in the hill.)

II. Selection of Land.

1. See that land is well drained and as fertile as can be secured on the farm.

2. If possible to obtain, an acre not cultivated in corn last year is most desirable.

3. If there is a fall plowed field of clover or other sod, cow peas or pasture land on the farm, select an acre from that.

III. Preparation of Seed Bed.

1. Breaking—(a) Fall breaking is best, (b) For spring breaking turn soil not less than 8 inches and deeper if not more than an inch of clay subsoil is turned up. Better plow 12 to 16 inches deep if the subsoil permits.

2. Pulverizing—Before planting thoroughly fine the soil as deep as possible, using disk or cutting harrow until moisture is thoroughly mixed with soil. The land should be like a garden or ash pile.

IV. Seed.

Get your seed corn from the best crop that has grown in your section of country. The variety does not matter so that it is known to have high yielding qualities. (If you have trouble in getting satisfactory seed inform your County Superintendent and it will be attended to.)

V. Planting

1. Either in hills 3 feet 8 inches each way, or drill 18 inches, in rows 3 feet 8 inches apart.

2. Plant 3 inches deep.

3. If corn needs thinning or replanting see to it as early as possible. (Try for uniformity.)

4. Plant as soon as suits your conditions after April 15th.

VI. Cultivation.

1. Any time from planting to four days afterward, harrow the ground smooth with a light harrow. (Do not harrow or roll corn after it is up if you can avoid it.)

2. Cultivate every week or ten days with fine tooth cultivator, or one horse harrow, from time corn is large enough until it tassels.

3. Keep corn free from weeds. They take the moisture the soil needs.

4. If the bull-tongues are used they should be small ones.

Very Important.

Never work in soil when it is too wet, and never cultivate over two inches deep. (It will do more harm than good.)

Study carefully all publications sent you, and keep a careful record of time (hours and men), material and money used on the acre. These will figure in your report and of the work.

GEM THEATER.

Matinee and Night.

A JUVENILE LOVE AFFAIR

Vitagraph.

Featuring Kenneth Casey and Little Dolores Costello.

THE FILIBUSTERS

Kalam.

HOW FATHER ACCOMPLISHED HIS WORK

AND KITTY'S HOLD-UP

Continued.

The Augusta public schools will open on Monday, September 9th.

It is said that Matt Worthington, former Manager of the Union Mercantile Company at Germantown, contemplates associating himself with the firm of Aebury and Company at Brooksville.

T. H. Bell and wife, J. E. Bell and wife and W. B. Bell, wife and child have returned to their homes in Ohio, after a delightful visit with friends and relatives at Germantown and attending the fair.

IOWA WOMAN

WELL AGAIN

Freed From Shooting Pains, Spinal Weakness, Dizziness, by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Ottumwa, Iowa.—"For years I was almost a constant sufferer from female trouble in all its dreadful forms; shooting pains all over my body, sick headache, spinal weakness, dizziness, depression, and everything that was horrid. I tried many doctors in different parts of the United States, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done more for me than all the doctors. I feel it my duty to tell you these facts. My heart is full of gratitude to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for my health."—Mrs. HARRIET E. WAMPLER, 524 S. Ransom Street, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Consider Well This Advice.

No woman suffering from any form of female troubles should lose hope until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for nearly forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women everywhere bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

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Very Important.

MY LADY OF DOUBT

BY RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "Love Under Fire," "My Lady of the North," etc.

Illustrations by HENRY THIEDE

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SYNOPSIS.

Major Lawrence, son of Judge Lawrence of Virginia, whose wife was a Lee, was sent on a perilous mission by Gen. Washington, just after the war at Valley Forge. Disguised in a British uniform Lawrence arrives within the enemy's lines. The Major attends a great feast and saves the "Lady of the Blended Rose" from mob. He later meets the girl at a brilliant ball. Trouble is started over a waltz, and Lawrence is urged by his partner, Matrona Mortimer (The Lady of the Blended Rose), to make his escape. Lawrence is detected as a spy by Captain Grant of the British Army, who agrees to a duel.

CHAPTER VI.

The One Hope.

As he stopped and faced about, I was astoundedly halted.

"Perhaps this spot may satisfy your requirements," he said sarcastically. "Is far enough away at least, and the air is not so bad."

"It will do," I replied, and threw my sash over my shoulder. "Strip to the waist, sir, and then we can see if you are fit to strike. That's better, on guard!"

He came at me fiercely enough, confident of his mastery of the weapon, and, a doubt, expecting me to prove an easy victim of his skill. His first onslaught, a trick thrust under my guard, caused me to give back a step or two, and this small success yielded him the over-confidence I always prefer that an opponent have. I was young, agile, cool-headed, instructed since early boyhood by my father, a rather famous swordsman, in the mysteries of the game, yet I preferred that Grant should deem me a novice. With this in mind, and in order that I might better study the man's style, I remained strictly on defense, giving way slightly before the confident play of his steel, content with barely turning aside the gleaming point before it struck me. At first he mistook this weakness, sneering at my parries, as he bore in with increasing recklessness.

"A club would be more in your line, I take it, Mr. Lieutenant Portesque," he commented sarcastically, "but I'll play with you a while for practice—ah! that was a lucky turn of the wrist! So you do know a trick or two? Perhaps you have a parry for that thrust as well! Ah! an inch more and I'd have pricked you—your defense is not bad for a boy! By all the gods, I tasted blood then—now I'll give you a harder nut to crack!"

I was fighting silently, with lips closed, busbanding my breath, scarcely hearing his comments. Every stroke, every thrust, gave me insight of his school, and instinctively my blade leaped forth to turn aside his point. He was a swordsman, stronger than I, and of longer reach, yet his ricks were old, and he relied more on strength than subtlety of fence. He countered with skill, laughing and



I gained a Hundred Feet Before he Behind Me Had Grasped the Meaning of My Unexpected Flight.

ing me, until his feet made me grimly, with fresh determination and the affair.

"By God! you have a right pretty rust from the shoulder," he exclaimed. "Been out before, I take it. I'll show you something you never dreamed of. Odds, I'll call your boy's!"

"Better hold your breath, for you'll need it now," I replied shortly. "The boy's play is over with."

Step by step I began sternly to force the fighting, driving my point against him so relentlessly as to hush his speech. Twice we circled, striking, unentering, fighting, our blades glittering ominously in the starlight, our breathing labored with the fierceness of the fighting. Both our swords tasted od, he slicing my forearm, I piercing his shoulder, yet neither wound led to bring any cessation of effort. We were mad now with the fever and struggling to kill, panting, our faces flushed, the perspiration dripping from our bodies, our eyes darting swiftly back and forth. He was my match, and more, and we had been permitted to go on and on, would have worn me down strength. Suddenly, above the sound of steel, came the sound of blades were struck up, and

the dark forms of men pressed in between us.

"Stop it, you hotheads!" some one commanded gruffly. "Hold your man, Tolston, until I get at the reason for this fighting. Who are you? Oh, Grant! What's the trouble now? The old thing, eh?"

I had no desire to wait his answer, confident that Grant was sufficiently angry to hurt out everything he knew. They were all facing his way, actuated by the recognition. Breathless still, yet quick to seize the one and only chance left, I grabbed up my jacket from the grass, and sprang into the darkness. I had gained a hundred feet before those behind grasped the meaning of my unexpected flight, and then the tumult of voices only sent me flying faster, realizing the pursuit. The only open passage led directly toward the river, and I raced through the black night down the slope as though all the fiends of hell were after me. I heard shouts, onths, but there was no firing, and was far enough ahead to be invisible by the time I attained the bank. An open barge lay there, a mere black smudge, and I stumbled blindly across this, dropping silently over its side into the water. It was not thought, but breathless inability to attempt more, which kept me there, clinging to a slat on the side of the barge, so completely submerged in the river, as to be invisible from above. Swearing fiercely, my pursuers stormed over the barge, swinging their swords along the edges to be sure I was not there. One blade pricked me slightly, but I held on, sinking yet deeper into the stream. I could see the dim outline of heads peering over, but was not discovered. The same gruff voice which had interrupted the duel broke through the noise:

"I tell you he turned to the left! I saw him plainly enough. What did you say the fellow's name was, Grant?"

"How do I know? He called himself Portesque."

"Sure; the same one Carter was sent out hunting after. Well, he dodged down there among those coal sheds. This is the only way he could have disappeared so suddenly. Come on, all of you, except Moore and Cartaret, and we'll beat the shore."

I heard them scramble across to the bank, but there were sounds also proving the guards left behind were still on the deck above me. Then one of the fellows sat down on the edge of the barge, his feet dangling within a few inches of my head.

"Might as well take it easy, Bill," he said lazily. "They're like to be an hour layin' hands on the lad, an' all we got to do is see he don't fox back this way. Got any tobacco, mate?"

The other must have produced the necessary weed, for there was a scraping of flint and steel, a gleam of fire glinting on the water, and then the pungent odor wafted to me in puff of smoke. With one hand, I unbuckled my sword belt, letting it, sword and all, sink silently into the river. I must cross to the opposite bank somehow, and would have to dispense with the weapon. Inch by inch, my fingers gripping the narrow slat to which I clung, I worked slowly toward the stern of the barge, making not so much as a ripple in the water, and keeping well hidden below the bulge of the side. The voices above droned along in conversation, of which I caught a few words.

"Who was he? You mean the lad they're after down yonder? Oh, I mind now, you came up later after we'd started the chase. Holy Mother, I don't know much myself, now I come to think of it. He looked like a Britisher, what I saw of him, an' he was fightin' with a Captain of Rangers—Grant was the name; maybe you know the man?—behind one of the stands."

"They'll never get him," returned the other solemnly.

"Because it's my notion he awum for it. I was closest down the bank, an' somethin' hit the water."

"But them's the Jerseys over yonder; if he was a spy he'd be headin' the other way."

"It's little he'd think of the way with the gang of us yelpin' at his heels. Besides, there's plenty of his kind over in those Jerseys who'd take good care of the likes of him."

"But there's a guard stationed across yonder."

"Pish, a corporal's squad, just about opposite at the ferry landin', an' a company of Yagers down at Gloucester. There's plenty room between for a bold lad to find free passage."

The two fell silent, staring out over the water. They had set me thinking, however, and this knowledge of where the British pickets were stationed was exactly the information I most required. I had no desire to cross the Delaware, yet apparently in that direction lay the only remaining avenue of escape.

across the water. At last I heard them get to their feet, and tramp about on the flat deck of the barge, the low murmur of their voices reaching me, although words were indistinguishable. I could hope for no better time. Filling my lungs with air, I sank below the surface of the river, and then, rising, struck boldly out into the full sweep of the current.

CHAPTER VII.

The Blacksmith.

I had come up gasping for breath, well out in the stream, either shore a mere darker shadow showing above the water. How far I had been swept below the barge could not be guessed, as I could distinguish no outlines clearly, excepting the bare spars of a vessel, tilted up to the west shore. As this ship had not been in sight previously I concluded the drift had been greater than anticipated, and I struck out quickly toward the opposite bank, fearful lest I be borne down as far as Gloucester before I could finally make land. It was a hard swim across the swift current, and I was nearly exhausted when I finally crept up the low bank, and lay dripping and panting in the shelter of some low bushes. Except for the bark of a distant dog there was no sound more disturbing than the rustle of leaves, and the lapping of water. As my breath came back I sat up, wrung out my clothes as best I could, and, with difficulty, drew on the boots I had borne across, slung to my shoulder.

I possessed but a dim conception of where I was, yet knew I must make a wide detour to the east as to escape British foraging parties.

I must have plodded doggedly along through the darkness for fully five miles, without perceiving the first sign of habitation, or even a wood into which I could crawl for concealment, when I suddenly came upon a long, one-story stone building standing at the left of the road, a grim, silent, apparently deserted structure, one end of the roof eaved in, and several of the windows smashed. I tried the doors, but they appeared firmly fastened. Far in the east there was a faint lightening of the sky promising the approach of dawn, and thus aroused to a knowledge that I must immediately attain shelter, I clambered through one of the broken windows, and dropped to the earthen floor within. I could see nothing, not even a hand held before my eyes, yet carefully felt my way forward through a tangle of rubbish, wheels, scraps of iron, some casks, a number of plough handles, and a rick of stuff I could not make out. The place had evidently been used as a repair shop, but must have been closed for months, as I could feel the grit of dust everywhere, and cobwebs brushed against my face as I moved about. Finally I felt the outlines of a large box half filled with paper, and, for want of something better, crept in and snuggled down, intending to rest there until daylight should reveal my surroundings.

I was warm enough now, my clothing practically dry, but thoroughly tired from the long tramp over the dark road, and exhausted by the excitement through which I had passed. Even my mind seemed dulled, and it appeared useless to think or plan. I had not intended to sleep, yet drowsiness came, and I lost consciousness. I know not what aroused me, but it was already daylight, a gleam of sun through the windows turning the festooned cobwebs into golden tapestry. One side of the box in which I lay had been broken out, and I could see the full length of the shop, which appeared littered from end to end with all manner of implements of husbandry, and woodwork and blacksmith's tools. All this I perceived with my first glance, but it was the distant sound of a voice which as instantly held my attention. At first I could not locate the speaker, nor comprehend the peculiar singsong of the utterance. But as I lifted my head, listening intently, I knew the man to be beyond the wooden partition at my right, and that he was praying fervently. Somehow heartened by this discovery I crept out from the bed of papers, and stole, silently forward to the narrow door which apparently led into this second apartment. The voice never ceased in its monotonous appeal, and I ventured to lift the latch, and take cautious glance through the slight opening.

It was a blacksmith shop of fair size, fully equipped with all the tools of the trade. The man was facing me, but with eyes closed, and uplifted, as his lips poured forth the fervent words of prayer. I was not a religious man in those days, yet the faith of my mother was not forgotten, and there was something of sincerity about that solitary kneeling figure I could not but respect. The words uttered, the deep resonant voice, and above all, the expression of that upturned face, held me silent, motionless. He was a man of short, sturdy build, but great bulk, massive chest, and immense shoulders, evidencing remarkable strength. What was this man, this praying blacksmith? A patriot, truly, from his words of petition; or, who had suffered much, but was willing to suffer more. The strength chiselled in that upturned face, those deeply marked features, revealed no common mental equipment. Here was a real man, with convictions, one who would die for an ideal; without doubt a radical, ready to go to any extreme where conscience bled the way.

As he finally paused, his head bowed low, I stepped forward into the light, confident of welcome, utterly forgetful of the uniform I wore. At the first faint sound of my approach on the floor he was upon his feet fronting me, the shortness of his limbs yielding him a certain grotesque appearance, his deep-set eyes regarding me suspiciously. Before I could realize the man's intent he sprang between me and the outer door, his hand gripping an iron bar.

"A son of Ham!" came the roar from his lips. "How came ye here in that uniform? Are you alone?"

"Alone, yes," and I hurried the scarlet jacket into the dirt with a gesture of disgust. "I had even forgotten I wore it. Wait a moment. I heard your prayer, and know you must be with us. I am Major Lawrence of the Maryland Line."

He stared at me motionless.

"Then how come ye here?"

"I was sent into Philadelphia by Washington himself, but my identity was discovered, and there was no way to escape except across the Delaware. I reached here during the night, and crept into your shop to hide. The sound of your voice awoke me from sleep, and I knew from your words that it was safe for me to come forth."

"You may know it, young man, but I don't," he replied gruffly. "We're a bit suspicious of strangers here in the Jerseys these days. The minions of Satan encompass us about. What have ye to show to prove your story?"

I shook my head, extending my hands.

"Only my word of honor. I had a pass from Hamilton, but destroyed that before entering the British lines. If I tell the whole story, perhaps you will understand its truth."

The expression of his face did not change, yet I thought the deepest eyes were not altogether unkind.

"You are hungry, no doubt?"

"Being human, yes."

"Then we'll eat and talk at the same time. You're only one man, an' I'm not afraid of you, an' if ye were a Britisher I wouldn't starve you to death. There's little enough, the good Lord knows, but ye're welcome to the half of it. Make yourself comfortable there on the bench."

He threw open a cupboard in one corner, and brought forth a variety of food, placing this upon a white shelf near at hand.

"Help yourself," he began gravely. "It is rough camp fare, but doubtless you are used to that. Do you know me?"

I scanned his face again intently,

He drew a flat leather case from a pocket inside his shirt, extracting therefrom a folded paper, which he opened, and extended to me across the table. With a glance I mastered the few lines written thereon, recognizing its genuineness.

"Hamilton penned that," I said in quick surprise, "and it is signed by Washington's own hand."

The deep-set eyes twinkled.

"Right," he said shortly, "that bit of paper may save me from hangin' some day. There are those who would like to see me swing if they only laid hands on me at the right time and place. You know what the paper is?"

"A commission as Captain," and I bent over it again, "issued to Daniel Farrell, giving him independent command of scouts—by heavens! are you 'Bull' Farrell?"

He was eating quietly, but found time to answer.

"There are those who call me by that nickname; others give me even a worse handle. 'Tis my nature to make enemies faster than friends. You know me then?"

"I was with Maxwell at Germantown," the remembrance of the scene coming vividly to mind, "when you came up with your ragged fellows. You have certainly taught them how to fight."

"There was no teaching necessary; all the trouble I ever have is in holding them back," his face darkening. "Every man who rides with me knows what war means here in the Jerseys; they have seen their homes in flames, their women and children driven out by Hessian fireballs. We fight for life as well as liberty, and when we strike we strike hard. But enough of that. We have sufficient confidence in each other by now to talk freely. What did you discover in Philadelphia? No more than I could tell you myself, I'll warrant."

I told the story, while he listened silently, his eyes alone expressing interest. As I ended, he slowly lit his pipe, and sat there smoking, apparently thinking over what I had said.

"I've learned anything of importance," I asked finally.

"For Washington, yes; but very little unknown to me. So you met Mistress Claire, eh? The little minx! 'Tis a month since I heard of her."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bones for Bricks.

One of the most interesting sights of Malta, and, at the same time, rather a gruesome one, is the Chapel of Bones. Guides who show visitors round the island never fail to point this out. The whole of the sides, arches, and about the altar are the skulls and cross-bones of long-departed monks. In niches round the chapel stand skeletons of monks in their habits; on either side of the altar stands a skeleton, representing Father Time, with a scythe. Standing at the

rear of the chapel, one cannot but admire and wonder at the regular manner in which the skulls and bones are placed.

Snails a Plague in Ceylon.

The region about Bormann, in Ceylon, was not long ago afflicted with a veritable plague of snails. Though these animals are extraordinarily prolific, they do not often appear in sufficiently large numbers to make themselves obnoxious.

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CONCERNING GIRLS AND GOLD BAGS

The girl who likes to talk frowned and edged away from the gold mesh bag carelessly thrown down beside her.

"Take it away," she ordered. "It's a solid one, as I can easily see, and it makes me nervous to be near it! I'm afraid of their influence! Now, I can face a German silver gold washed one without flinching; but run me up against a solid gold bag and I begin to get chills and fever. I guess it is because I am always so overpowered by the thought of several hundred dollars tied up in such a small bit of frivolity."

"Now, if I owned one—if, that is, some relative should catch me and hind and gag me and thrust a solid gold bag upon me by main force—I think I should devote the rest of my life to sheltering it and giving it the reverence which was its due. I know I should waken in the night with a shriek, thinking I had not looked it up in the jewel case that was in the secret drawer of the time-lock safe behind a padlocked closet door. And I know that in my waking hours I should either sit upon it or wear it chained to me."

"That is why the women who actually do own solid gold bags make me so nervous. The minute you possess one it is the correct thing to act as though it were the mud under your feet or as though you were so sick of having them cluttering up your pathway that you simply couldn't stand it another minute! You can't belong to the clan at all unless you learn to scatter your bag around recklessly where people will find it and have heart disease for fear they won't get it back to you before you have called out the police reserves and set them on their trail."

"It is always the people who don't own them who do the worrying."

"Why, I once knew a man who used to run around with a girl who owned a solid gold bag, and she carried it upon every occasion, of course. She used to drop it between seats at the theater and remember she had done so when they were three-quarters of the way home. And then the man would be obliged to spend the rest of the night chasing up janitors and hox office men and routing them out of bed and groveling under parquet seats or traveling miles to the residence of the usher on that aisle and having a talk with him."

The bag always was found, of course, and the person finding it was only too tickled to get rid of it and perfectly delighted to pass it over to the harassed young man. But that did not help much, as 4 or 5 or 6 o'clock in the morning, when he was due at the office again at 8. If this particular girl did not drop it at the theater she would leave it on the table at the cafe, and then, when she telephoned this unfortunate young man at 3 a. m. that she had just remembered doing so and would be very much mind seeing about it, he knew he was in for a near-riot with all the waiters at that restaurant and that he would never dare face the haughty head waiter in that particular place again, even if all the other restaurants burned up and he had to starve to death. Really, by the end of the winter he was the most popularly hated young man in town at restaurants and box offices."

"Once she lost it on the suburban train, discovering the fact when they arose to leave. She said, of course, he could easily find it. Shoving her into her front door the young man tore back to the station and caught the same train on its return trip to town and tackled the conductor, pop-eyed with anxiety and responsibility and hopelessness. 'Gold bag?' repeated the conductor casually. 'Sure—here it is! I picked it up right after you left!'

"But the unluckiest luck was too much of a shock for the young man, and he gurgled and fell all in a heap. When he had quite recovered from his illness he went away quickly and married a girl who had never in her life owned anything more elaborate than a \$3.98 bargain mesh bag that looked its price."

"There was another woman with a solid gold bag who spent her summer at the lake last year and who used to leave the bag on logs in the woods or on steps when she went calling on the cottagers. The children, finding it on the steps, would gleefully bury it in their sand forts and forget all about what they had done, and then for hours all the resorters and inn servants would madly search for that bag. 'When they had uprooted all the shrubbery and devastated their homes and politely accused everybody else, and when nearly all the maids and nurses had burst into tears and thrown up their positions, somebody would accidentally kick over the sand fort and fall upon the bag with a yelp of joy. Then every one would moan her or his fevered brow and call for lemonade and fans and talk about how they hated that woman. She actually seemed to enjoy the commotion she caused every day or so and when she left they gave her a big party, they were so glad to be rid of her."

"Must you go?" ended the girl who loves to talk. "If so, would you mind taking along this gold bag I see you are leaving behind? I presume you forgot it!"

"Dear me!" said the bag's owner. "I believe I did forget it! Isn't that funny!"—Grit.

Hats Denoted Liberty.

In Rome slaves, when they received their liberty at their masters' hands, wore cone-shaped felt hats, which came to be the symbol of liberty. After the death of Nero the citizens of Rome were pointed hats to show that they were relieved from the oppression of a tyrant. Later on, when the Netherlands threw off the Spanish yoke, they adopted a hat in the coat of arms of that nation.

Home of Dwarf Races.

In Luzon, the Philippines, there dwells a race of dwarfs known as the Aetas, whose average height is four feet eight or nine inches. They live in the mountains of the interior, thus bearing out the theory of one authority upon little peoples that most, if not all, of the dwarf races survive only in the most inaccessible parts of the continents or islands to which they belong.

NERVOUS DESPONDENT WOMEN

Find Relief in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Their Own Statements So Testify.

Plates, Pa.—"When I wrote to you first I was troubled with female weakness and backache, and was so nervous that I would cry at the least noise. I would startle me so. I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies, and I don't have any more crying spells. I sleep sound and my nervousness is better. I will recommend your medicines to all suffering women."

—Mrs. MARY HALSTEAD, Plates, Pa., Box 98.

Here is the report of another genuine case, which still further shows that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound may be relied upon.

Walcott, N. Dakota.—"I had inflammation which caused pain in my side, and my back ached all the time. I was so blue that I felt like crying if anyone even spoke to me. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I began to gain right away. I continued its use and now I am a well woman."

—Mrs. AMELIA DAHL, Walcott, N. Dakota.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

is Evans St., Buffalo, N. Y.

"I was troubled with dandruff, which caused such sleep. I tried many remedies, but without success. I finally bought a jar of Resinol Ointment, and rubbed it on my scalp, and washed my hair with Resinol Soap. In about a week (Signed)

MANY ROSES IN MIDSUMMER HATS



A hat, recently designed, is made entirely of chiffon and silk roses in the most exquisite shadings of pale pink and rose color. It is a long, flowing, and in which there is a hint of lavender and which gradually merge into American Beauty roses, through an enchanting range of color.

The shape is odd and new—a pointed turban high in front. The frame, made of wire, is edged with a fold of satin in deep rose color and a bow of ribbon in the same shade finishes the back.

The shape fits the head closely and is rather small. The roses are crowded in rows about the top and sides and they cover every inch of space except a narrow border where the satin outlines the shape about the face.

This is one of those useful turbans that are worn at any season of the year.

DRESS FOR A GIRL



A pretty little dress this in pale blue cotton tulle; it is cut Magyar, and the skirt also in with the bodice; the yoke is in soft silk of the color of the spot. The material is tucked in sets of three where it joins this. Turn-up cuffs of the same. A suede belt to match the silk is worn below waist; it is kept in position by being pressed through little slits at the side seam.

White straw hat, trimmed with a blue feather mount.

Materials required: 2 1/2 yards 40 inches wide, 1/2 yard silk 22 inches wide.

Two New Ideas.

If you wish to give your lingerie the very latest whim of the fashion realm add narrow bands of brown fur. These bands of fur edging flounces and drapery of the most transparent and filmy net and chiffon dresses were one of the most marked features of the drag race at Auteuil. It is one of those curious combinations in which the French revel, but at the same time it is effective.

Another popular fancy is the scarf of malle attached to the gown on one shoulder and thrown around the figure in artistic abandon. In fact, malle will be found surprisingly useful in refreshing slightly worn gowns, whether used as scarf, or as a belt.

JEANNETTE'S JIMMIE A "PLAIN" HUSBAND

By ELSIE GUNLER.

Jeannette, looking very mournful and wearing a long face, came and threw herself on the grass at my feet.

"What's the matter now, child?" I inquired, as I hit off the end of a thread that simply would not go through the needle's eye.

She did not answer me for a minute or two; just leaned her head against my knee and let her clasped hands fall in her lap, and then:

"Cousin Bess, do you think Jimmie is awfully plain?"

"Plain? Jimmie awfully plain? Why, what on earth do you mean?"

That time the thread did go in the eye of my needle, but I stuck both needle and thread in my work, for I knew it was useless to try to sew when Jeannette wanted to talk to me about Jimmie. But this was the limit, Jimmie plain!

"No, indeed, I don't think him plain. Whatever made you ask such a foolish question, child? You are not getting tired of Jimmie, I hope!"

"Tired of Jimmie—oh, Cousin Bess, you know I'm not; I love him with all my heart, and, of course, I think him handsome; but Edith Samuels said she didn't see how I ever came to marry such a plain man."

"Well, what did you tell her?"

"I didn't answer. I was too angry I just turned away from her and went over to Mrs. Simpson and helped her make tea; but I can't help wondering if all the girls think Jimmie is a 'plain' man."

"My darling little coz," and here I leaned over and kissed her shining golden hair. "You know as well as I do that Jimmie could hardly be called a beauty. His nose is too long and too large for that. His ears do stand out a trifle too much and his mouth is perhaps a bit too wide for perfect symmetry; but—well, even if he is a bit plain in looks, what does it matter? Is he not a kind husband and a good man?"

"Yes, indeed, Cousin Bess; but sometimes I wish he was better looking."

"Now, see here, Jeannette, all women are beauty lovers and idealists. Where the eye adores the heart is very apt to follow—for a time. But when it comes to choosing a husband a life partner, most women are wise enough to place more value on other qualities than beauty in a man, and well for them that they do. Beauty in a man, as a rule, does not make for the traits of character that insure a success of married life."

"Yes, I know. But, oh, I hate to have other people think Jimmie plain."

"Stop saying it, even; put it out of your head. Your friend Miss Samuels has not been able to get a husband of her own, most likely for the reason that she says disagreeable things about other girls' husbands. Some grapes, I call it."

"But, Cousin Bess—"

"Not a word, I will not listen to another word. It is the homely qualities hidden behind the homely features that bring happiness to the man's lucky wife. You know Jimmie tries to make you happy."

"Yes, he does. He's kind and sweet and good to me."

"Handsome features too often spoil a man, or at least the amount of feminine attention they attract does for him. The strikingly good looking husband is very often a failure. When he mingles with men and women, especially the women, he will nearly always put on airs, like a proud old peacock, for the benefit of stranger eyes, and his poor little wife is left neglected in a corner."

"Jimmie takes the best of care of you, dear. He provides you with every comfort in life and a few of the luxuries. He is a clean-thinking, upright man; a good citizen, possessing far more than ordinary intellectual ability; gentle in manner and speech and best of all, loving his little wife with all the great love in his manly heart. Jimmie may be 'plain' looking, but he will not remain that way long. His good qualities will prevent that."

"Oh, Cousin Bess, I'm so glad I told you what Edith said. It has worried me, worried me. But now I see it all so differently. You always do help me, dear, no matter what my trouble is. Jimmie is not plain. His soul is positively beautiful, and I shall always see that shining through his dear eyes."

The little lady kissed me, and with a happy laugh, ran back to her house hold duties, while I resumed my sewing, thinking how little physical beauty counted in this busy world.

California Woman's Good Shot.

While walking through the woods near Cohasset, Cal., Mrs. W. H. Pillsbury of Chico shot a large brown bear that measured six feet from tip to tip. Mr. and Mrs. Pillsbury were walking from their summer home near Cohasset to the "Promontory," a high point from which an excellent view of the whole valley can be had. Mrs. Pillsbury had a 30-30 carbine. Suddenly she saw a large bear coming down the hill about forty yards away. "It's a bear, shall I shoot it?" she shouted to her husband. Pillsbury answered in the affirmative, and his wife asked: "Where shall I shoot him?" "In the head," came the answer. With deliberate aim the woman fired, hitting the animal square in the right eye, killing him instantly. The hide weighed 70 pounds and the weight of the carcass was estimated at three hundred pounds.

A Sure Sign.

"So he took you out auto riding the other evening?"

"Yes, what of it?"

"Do you think he is in love with you?"

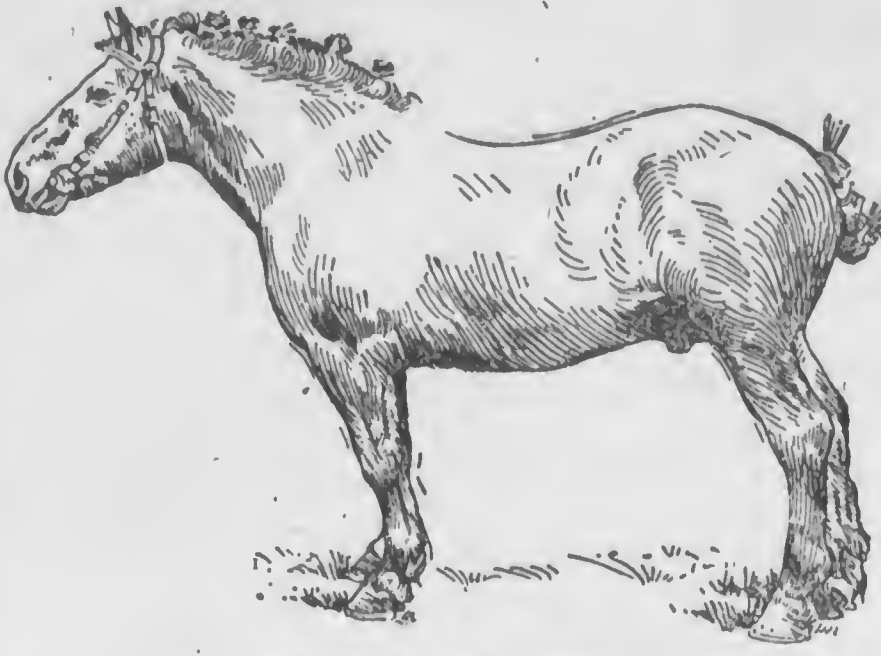
"I think so. I know that every time I spoke to him the auto tried to climb a tree or jump a fence."

To Fatten Cattle.

Good blue grass pasture with plenty of shade and supplied with an abundance of pure water is almost an ideal kind of a place to fatten cattle in summer, especially if the corn supply is ample.

COMBINATION OF EXCELLENT QUALITIES OF CLYDE, SHIRE AND PERCHERON HORSES

Ideal Type of All Three Great Breeds Is Nearly the Same—All Breeders Seek to Achieve Improvement Over Original Animals of District.



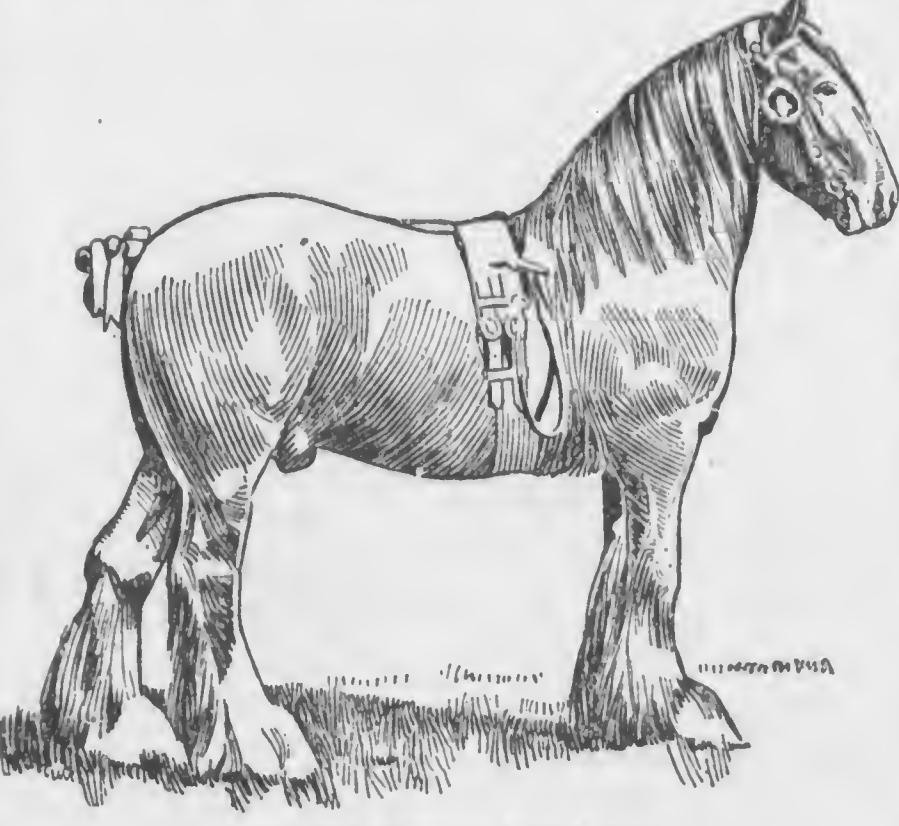
Percheron Stallion "Hoche."

It is, as a rule, well to stick to one breed of horses and to breed that one which has the greatest number of good stallions in one's district. Under Dean Curtis, however, at the Iowa college, Ames, Iowa, an effort is being made to combine the best that is in the Shire and Clyde horses, and the resources of the college fully justify the experiment and also the kind of horses that are being produced. Many of our most successful show horses have resulted from a cross of Clyde and Percheron, Clyde and Shire or Shire and Percheron in varying degree. The ideal type of all three great breeds is nearly the same; all seek improvement over the original horse of their districts, and when a judge enters the ring, although he is forced to make allowance for differences in each breed, yet he has pretty much the same standard in his mind for all. The ideal begins with deep feet, yet not hoxy, but with wide hoof heads and a broad elastic heel and frog. The set of the pasterns must be oblique to give plenty of spring and save concussion, plenty of breadth in canon bone and tendon with quality, big muscular forearms, with the muscle coming down evenly, not in bunches, both for strength and to denote muscular tendency throughout. Head and neck strong without coarseness, but denoting strong vitality. The draft horse's shoulder may be straighter than the carriage horse's, but it should be oblique enough for the horse to wear himself well and travel easily, which will not be the case with an upright shoulder, or if the legs are not truly set on the body the latter point is often overlooked. A shortish back and a good girth and harrel, with plenty of spread underneath coming from length of shoulders and quarters and big muscular thighs and stifles are needed and the hock should be long and deep and clean, with a proper

alignment to the stifles and hip bone. It will be found in seeking these points that every breed has serious and, in fact, disqualifying differences, and Dean Curtis is merely doing what has been frequently done with other breeds when he tries to take a short cut by combining gray Shires with Clydes and uniting the excellencies of both. That it will take time and an intensification of the desired horse by inbreeding is nothing against the experiment.

A great deal has been done in both Shire and Clyde to improve them, but some sire has been sacrificed to get perfection of hoof and pastern in the one breed, and the Clyde was never a heavy barreled horse, the Scotsman preferring a quick, active, grain-fred horse to one which consumed more hay, an article he is not apt to be overhauled with. The great back ribs and barrel of the Shire will be improved, while there is an upstandingness and presence about the great Shire horses that are impressive. The Shire horse is a consistent puller. He will pull without result for a long time without becoming discouraged, while the Clyde horse gets into action much quicker and at the second or third step is in the full swing of his walk, so that a good deal will be gained by a combination of mental qualities expressed in action. I realize the immense debt we owe to foreign importations, but can never rest satisfied until we have developed either new breeds or adapted old ones entirely to our conditions, both general and local, as has been done in the case of the American trotter, saddle horse and Poland China hog.

To make an effort to do this is a negation of the genius of the American agriculturist to meet a variety of soil and climatic conditions by breeding animals suited to their environment.



Royal Duke, Champion Shire Stallion.

NITROGEN DECIDES FERTILITY OF SOIL

In the Body of Plant or Animal It Is One of Most Important Elements.

(By C. C. WENTZLER.)

To most people soil is either rich or poor.

If a soil is productive, it is regarded as rich; on the other hand if only limited and inferior crops can be raised, the soil is regarded as proportionately worthless.

Few people excepting those who have made more or less of a study of the soil are aware that, practically, one element decides the fertility of the soil. This is nitrogen.

Nitrogen is one of the most important elements in nature. It balances the air so that we can breathe it. Without nitrogen to hold the oxygen in check, it would be absolutely impossible to strike a match. A spark would cause an explosion that could be heard as far as the sun while every living thing would be instantly destroyed.

In the body of plant or animal, it is one of the most important elements. In the soil it is the principle element which decides its fertility. Soils are rich or poor according to the amount of nitrogen they contain, especially with regard to the other elements which make up the soil. It is from the soil that most plants get their nitrogen and it is from these plants that we get flesh, butter and eggs, in the shape of protein.

Profits in Onions.

The man who reads of \$1,000 to \$2,000 profits per acre in onions or in any other crop loses his head to the extent of planting a half-acre as a first venture, not knowing whether his soil and climate are adapted to the crop or what chances of sale or storage he has, does not use proper discretion.

Peas and Tomatoes.

Where there is a good market for both peas and tomatoes these crops may be grown together to good advantage. The peas should be planted as soon as the ground can be prepared and the tomatoes are set after danger of hard frost, which, in most sections of the north, will not be before the fifteenth or twentieth of May. If the rows of peas are four feet apart, two or three pea plants must be removed at the recommended distances in the rows to make

tomato plant, i. e., if the tomato plants are to stand four feet apart each way the pea plants will be removed at intervals of four feet in the row. This plan has been used with entire success in Pennsylvania.

Rations for Hogs.

Nine parts of corn and one part of tankage make the best and cheapest rations for growing hogs, and will operate to reduce the amount of corn consumed for each pound of gain compared with a ration of corn only.



A Picture of Contentment

All men look pleased when they smoke this choice tobacco—for all men like the rich quality and true, natural flavor of

Liggatt & Myers

Duke's Mixture

Smoked in pipes by thousands of men—everywhere known to cigarette smokers as "the makings."

We take unusual pride in Liggatt & Myers Duke's Mixture. It is our leading brand of granulated tobacco—and every sack we make is a challenge to all other tobacco manufacturers. Every 5c sack of this famous tobacco contains one and a half ounces of choice granulated tobacco, in every way equal to the best you can buy at any price, and with each sack you get a book of cigarette papers FREE.

If you have not smoked the Duke's Mixture made by the Liggatt & Myers Tobacco Co. at Durham, N. C., try it now.

Get a Camera with the Coupons

Save the coupons. With them you can get all sorts of valuable presents—articles suitable for young and old men, women, boys and girls. You'll be delighted to see what you can get free without one cent of cost to you. Get our new illustrated catalog. As a special offer, we will send it free during September and October only. Your name and address on a postal will bring it to you.



Coupons from Duke's Mixture may be exchanged with Liggatt & Myers for: TINSLEY'S NATURAL LEAF, GRAN-CER TWIST, COMFORT from FOUR ROSES (in tin double coupon), PICK FUDGE CUT, BEDMONT CIGARETTES, CLIX CIGARETTES, and other tags or coupons issued by us.

Premium Dept.

Liggatt & Myers Tobacco Co.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Cautious.

Hobson—I understand that you patronize Snips the tailor. Does he suit you?

Harduppe—Not unless I pay him something in advance.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

The Main Impression.

"What did the minister talk about in his sermon this morning?"

"About an hour."

Red Cross Ball Hour, all blue, best bluing value in the whole world, makes the laundry simple.

I cannot afford to give up the sure ground of a principle.—Plato.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

In this age of research and experiment, all nature is made manifest by the scientific method for the comfort and happiness of man. Science has indeed made great strides in the past century, and among them, the discovery of the most important discovery in medicine is that of French Hospitals, which has been used with great success in French Hospitals and that it is worthy the attention of those who suffer from kidney, bladder, nervous diseases, chronic weaknesses, pleurisy, asthma, piles, etc., there is no doubt. In fact, it is evident from the big bill created amongst specialists, that THERAPION is destined to eat into oblivion all those questionable remedies that were formerly the staple of medical men. It is of course impossible to tell all the details of this remedy, but to know more about this remedy that has effected so many cures, we must, almost, say, mention its cure, should send addressed envelope for FREE book to Dr. LeClair Med. Co., 100 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Send for "THE RAPID" No. 1, No. 2 or No. 3. It is what they require and have been seeking in vain during a life of misery, suffering, ill health and unhappiness. THERAPION is sold by druggists or mail \$1.00. Foreigners, Dr. LeClair Med. Co., New York.

WILL SELL OR TRADE for flowers, stock, realty, etc., my well paying, prominently located, fully equipped 3-story hotel, 11 well furnished rooms, 3 stories, supplies, fixtures, JNO. FLEW, 6th & Green St., Louisville, Ky.

QUICK RELIEF SORE EYES

DEFIANCE STARCH

W. N. U., CINCINNATI, NO. 38-1912.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

\$3.00 \$3.50 \$4.00 \$4.50 AND \$5.00 FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Boys all wear W. L. Douglas \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00 School Shoes. Best in the world

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world because they look better, fit better, and wear longer than ordinary shoes.

CAUTION: When you buy shoes be sure W. L. Douglas name is stamped on the bottom of the shoe. It guarantees to you against inferior shoes. Beware of substitutes. W. L. Douglas shoes are sold in 78 own stores in large cities and retail shoe dealers everywhere. Fast Color Eyelets. Write for Catalog. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

We Lead You

To Fortune and Happy Life in California

Messrs. J. S. & W. S. Kuhn, the Pittsburgh bankers, are doing in the Sacramento Valley what the U. S. Government is doing elsewhere for the people.

There is ten times more profit per acre in California irrigated land than in the East and with less labor.

Let us take you where there is comfort and happiness besides profit, climate equal to that of Southern Italy, no frosts nor snow, no thunderstorms nor unseasonable.

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